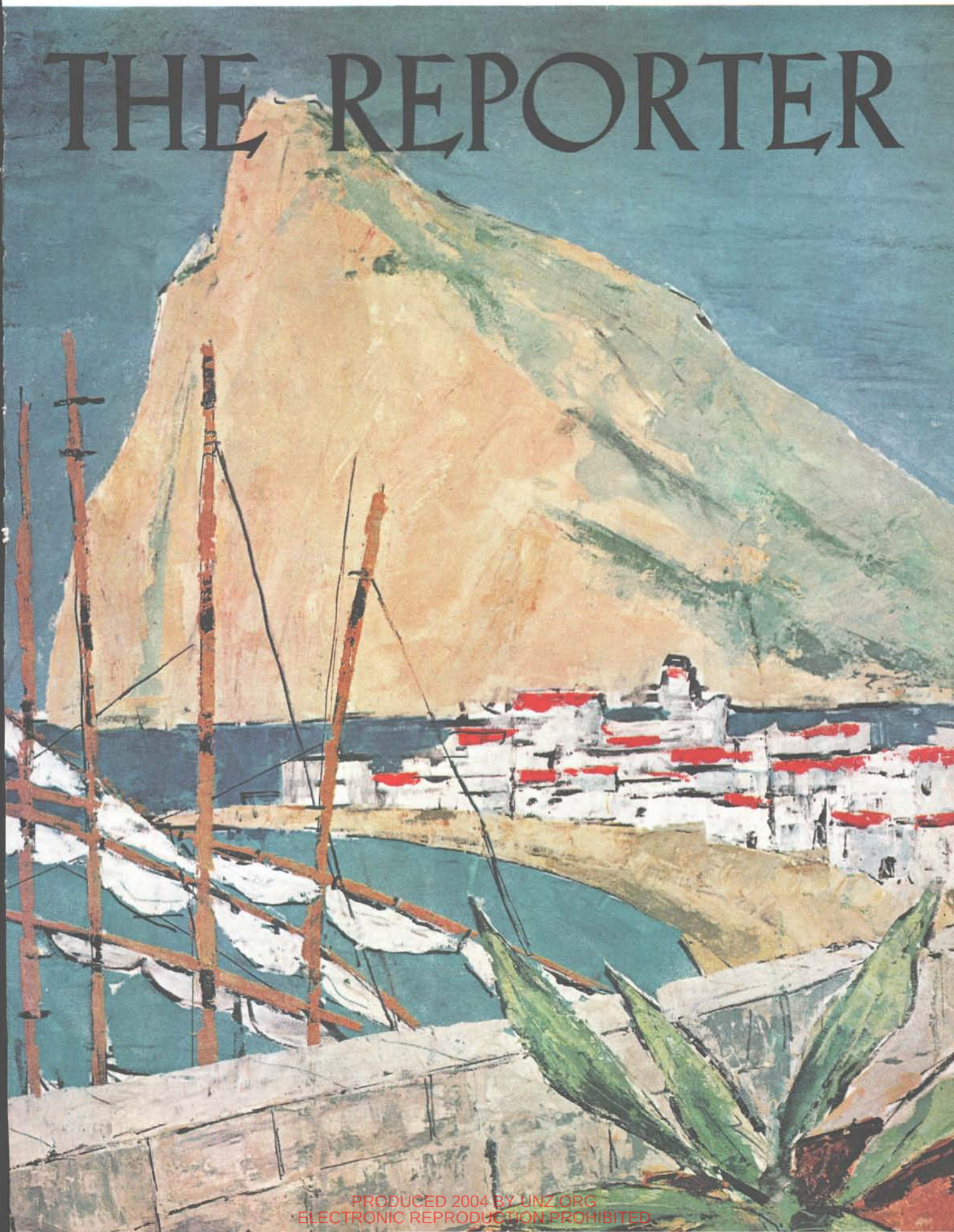
Nationalisms vs. the U.S.A.

CDC May 29, 1958 25¢

The 'Discovery' of Van Cliburn (page 25)

THE REPORTER



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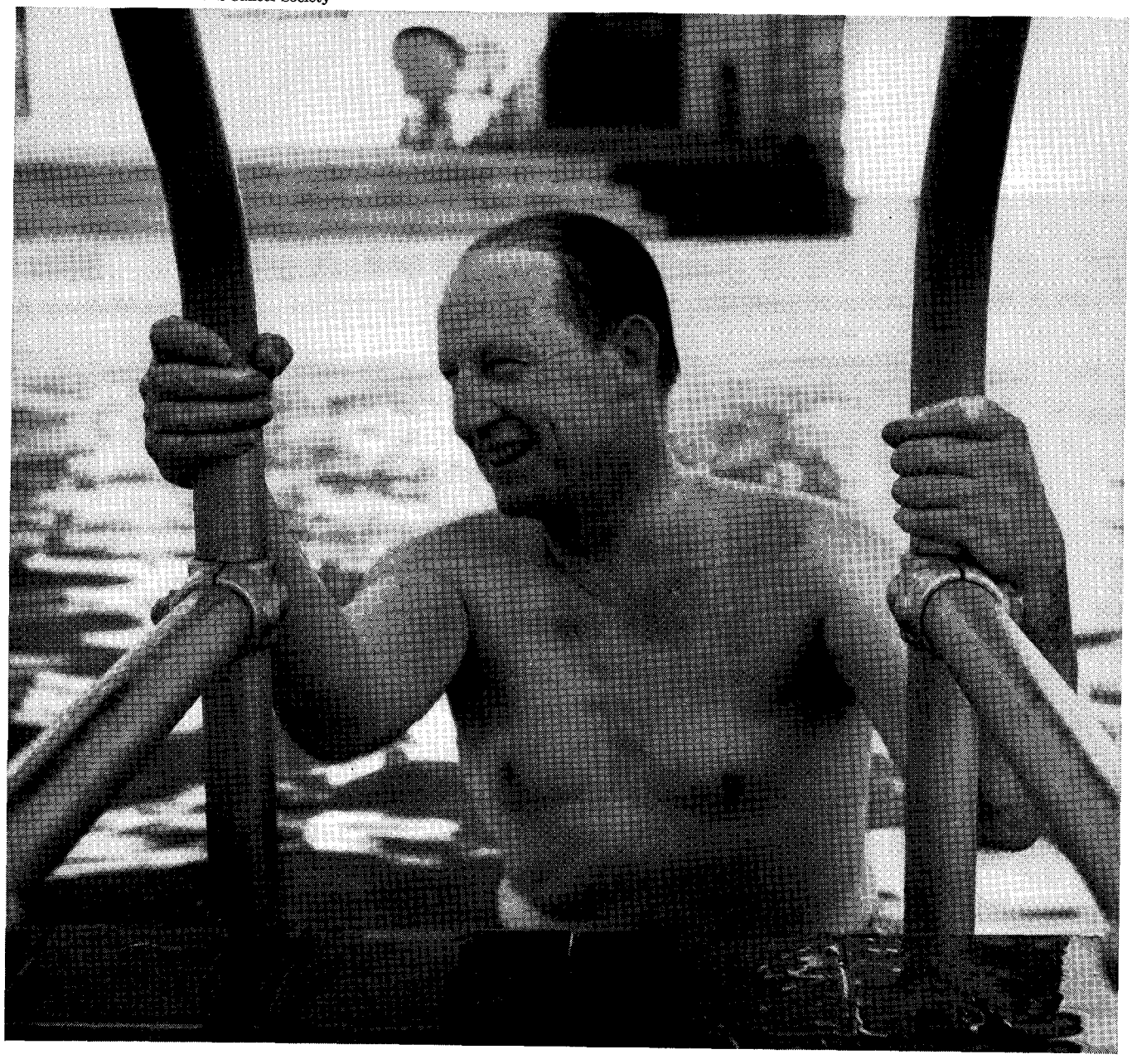
From the files of the American Cancer Society



Yes! I had cancer

"Many people believe that cancer is incurable. They're wrong and I can prove it! And there are 800,000 other Americans like me.

"On a gray morning in November, 1942, a specialist confirmed the diagnosis of cancer made by my family doctor. What he had to say reassured me.

"He explained that, thanks to my habit of having yearly checkups, my doctor had caught the cancer in its early stage. It was localized and operable . . . and here I am, hale and hearty."

That was 15 years ago, when only 1 out of 4 persons with cancer was being cured. Today, thanks to improved methods of treatment, and earlier diagnosis, 1 person in 3 is being saved.

And with present knowledge, it can be 1 in 2, *if* everyone observes two simple precautions: Have a health checkup annually. Keep alert for cancer's seven danger signals.

Progress in the American Cancer Society's fight against cancer depends on the dollars donated for its broad, nation-wide program of research, education and service to the stricken.

Help save more and more lives from cancer. Fight Cancer with a Checkup and a Check. Send a check *now* to "Cancer," care of your local post office.

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Men of Good Will

It used to be that our efforts to restore good will in Latin America followed the ill will created by the intervention of the Marines. Now, it seems, the Marines have to be poised to intervene on behalf of the good-will tour.

Considering what he went through, the Vice-President deserved the thunderous airport welcome he got when he came home. But the best news about the welcoming party was that enough congressmen stayed away to get the extension of the reciprocal-trade program passed by the House Ways and Means Committee.

Brave New Words

We would like to organize our own ticker-tape parade for a gentleman named Mr. Draper Daniels, vice-president of the Leo Burnett Company, an advertising firm. In a speech quoted by *Tide* he spoke these revolutionary words: "I think we have to dedicate ourselves to fewer meetings and more thinking. We have to start solving problems instead of trying to talk them to death. In this connection, I think we have to stop using research to settle advertising problems . . ."

The same issue of *Tide* presented a special report on a special report from Paul Lazarsfeld, Associate Director of Columbia University's Bureau of Applied Social Research, in which surveys prove that the more gregarious women are more likely to be marketing leaders, and that advertisers would do well to make their biggest pitch to the young (under forty-five) housewives with two or more children.

The report is studded with terms like "life-cycle groups," "highly gregarious low status woman," and "non-gregarious woman of high status," not to speak of something called a "two-step flow of influence."

You need a lot of meetings to concoct things like that, Mr. Daniels; plenty of round-table discussions, brainstorming, and research. As far as we are concerned, we're on your side. In fact, we offer you an aphorism produced by a single mind on our staff: "Those who can, think; those who can't, go into a research project."

Too Hot to Handle

Congressman Adam Clayton Powell is to have his day in court on a scattering of income-tax charges. Obviously his fate rests with the law, and we are not in the habit of trying to influence a jury. What strikes us about the Powell affair so far is the remarkable extent to which everyone who touches it seems to come away with burned fingers.

To begin with, the simplest chronology of the case reveals in both Mr. Powell and the Justice Department a flexibility beyond the normal requirements even of politics. On March 2, 1956, the Harlem Democrat denounced President Eisenhower for "dodging the issue, passing the buck, trying to wash his hands like Pilate of the blood of innocent men and women in the Southland." In May of that year, one of Powell's congressional secretaries was convicted of income-tax evasion, kickbacks to Powell were charged, and two other secretaries were under investigation which led later to indictment. Then, in July, U.S. Attorney Paul W. Williams announced that he would investigate the tax returns of Powell himself.

As the Presidential campaign warmed up—and Powell's affairs likewise—the congressman moved into a position of neutrality, announcing on October 7 that he would not campaign for either nominee. But five days later, following a half-hour in-

GOSSIP COLUMN

Take time off from Algeria,
  Caracas, Lebanon,
While I submit superior
  Tidbits to dwell upon.

A harp seal on a hunger strike,
  Brought to exhaustion's verge,
Was given Equanil to curb
  Its migratory urge.

In China (Red) a panda sits
  Forbidden from our sphere
Lest trading with the enemy
  Cause pandamonium here.

And should you think the human race
  Was worth a hill of beans,
Reflect that man's outnumbered by
  Both codfish and sardines.

Which brings to mind the House of Lords,
  Now opening its door
To Ladies, monks, and men who were
  The other sex before.

—SEC

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THE SUBPROLETARIAT

ERIC SEVAREID

Adlai Stevenson once paraphrased *The Communist Manifesto* and announced "Eggheads of the world, unite; you have nothing to lose but your yolks." Now Mr. Stevenson, this time as a lawyer, is going to the headquarters of Communism on behalf of American eggheads, where he will demand the return of a few of their nest eggs that the Russian Communists have been sitting on for a long time.

The Russians are perfectly willing to have exchanges of things like books and plays but not of one of the most interesting by-products of books and plays, namely, money. In Russian theater and literary circles you takes your choice but you don't pays your money. It's been a one-way exchange for years—American books and plays move into Russia, but the royalties don't move out. This is deeply annoying to American writers, who are crass materialists and no longer seal their written lines in bottles to be cast out to sea; they want to be paid for their work.

But Russia has never joined the international copyright conventions; which means, in effect, that the two hundred or so American books published and sold there every year are stolen goods. The Russians pay their own writers handsomely, but capitalist American writers have to whistle for their rubles. Mr. Stevenson is going to do some whistling this summer under the Kremlin balconies. This negotiation *can have fascinating consequences* if it succeeds, because it will increase Mr. Stevenson's political support among writers from ninety-eight to ninety-nine per cent, it will prove that the man who may well be Secretary of State in 1961 *can* force something out of the Russians, and all kinds of American authors can thereafter be gleefully accused of taking Moscow gold by all those who find glee in accusations. If we know writers, they will take the cash and let the discredit go.

Furthermore, a successful deal with the Communists might set a virtuous example for all kinds of people right here in the United States who consider writers as above money; that is, above food, clothing, and shelter. It's little wonder that American writers have been duped by Moscow; they're duped by their own countrymen every day in the year. Nobody asks a surgeon or an architect to kindly drop everything and dash off an operation or a supermarket plan for free, but people constantly ask writers to contribute to "this important anthology on civilization" being compiled by an assistant professor of English, along with "other distinguished writers on the enclosed list"—meaning other page slaves who are getting the same circular letter.

This has now reached the point where one of the richest book-publishing houses in the country is selling compilations on current affairs for profit, while telling authors of the pieces they want to reprint that "unfortunately there is no budget for writers' fees."

Of course there are ways around all this for American authors. Their best way of being highly paid for writing is not to be a writer at all but a senator, a general, or, maybe, a scientist. Then one hires a writer to do the real writing—though some magazines and book publishers will gladly supply one from their own stables—and the money just rolls in. These days money for writing does not depend on the quality of the writing but on the prominence of the name. You might even get a capital-gains deal from the Treasury, as General Eisenhower did for his book, on the ground that you're not a professional writer.

Of course, a fine ethical point is involved, or anyway used to be involved. Does a public servant, a senator, or general, or what not, have the right to earn private profit out of public experiences paid for by the public and out of public records which belong to the public? The list of distinguished men who have said "Yes" to that is long and impressive, including Eisenhower, Churchill, Truman, Senators Kefauver, McClellan, McCarthy, and many others. So maybe common custom makes it perfectly proper. The only man we can think of who says "No" is retired General George Catlett Marshall. The latest reports say he has just refused a million dollars for his memoirs, telling the prospective buyer he'd already been paid by his country for his services to it. Marshall may leave no printed memories, but Marshall will be remembered.

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)

terview at the White House, he went all-out for Eisenhower, although precisely that morning the President had declined to tell the press whether or not he personally favored desegregation. A group of Harlem Democrats openly charged White House "pressure" on Powell, and even Mrs. Roosevelt suggested that Powell was "accepting promises of some kind, of benefit to him but not to his people."

Two months after the election, Adam Clayton Powell's case went into a dimout. Between February 11, 1957, and April of this year the grand jury that was considering the matter did not even meet. Thomas A. Bolan, the assistant U.S. attorney who had been handling the matter, is quoted as having said that the Justice Department took him off the case because "it's just too hot to handle."

In any event, the grand jury heard nothing more of the case until William F. Buckley, Jr., met with one of the jurors. Buckley, whose *National Review* had been conducting a campaign of its own against Mr. Powell, discussed the case with the juror and arranged to have copies of the magazine sent to all members of the panel, along with a covering letter pointing out the "irregularity of the suspension of the investigation." The government suddenly reconvened the panel, which promptly brought in an indictment.

U.S. Attorney Williams, who claims that the fourteen-month lull was merely routine, has hauled Buckley before another grand jury to determine "whether outside sources influenced" the original grand jury. Buckley intends to complain to the American Society of Newspaper Editors about the Justice Department's interference, of all things, with freedom of the press. Powell has cooled off on the Eisenhower administration; last January he accused it of having reneged on its promises to Negro leaders. And Roy Wilkins, executive secretary of the N.A.A.C.P., has suggested that "Adam is being singled out because he does not bite his tongue on civil rights." Wilkins went on to muse that "The government got itself in an awful mess picking on Powell." But the government, in this case, is in a large and well-assorted company.

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CORRESPONDENCE

APPEARANCE AND REALITY

To the Editor: Much of Isaac Deutscher's analysis of the significance of Khrushchev's appointment as premier ("The Appearance and Reality of Khrushchev's 'Promotion,'" *The Reporter*, May 1) rests upon a defective observation that renders his interpretation of Khrushchev's 'promotion' equally faulty.

Mr. Deutscher's reliance on the Stalin era to support his view that overlapping membership between the Presidium and the Secretariat is an indication that Khrushchev is not in complete control of the party proves to be a weak reed. An examination of the membership of the Politburo and the Secretariat from the period between 1939 and Stalin's death would tend to prove the direct opposite. Of the four-man Secretariat appointed at the 18th Party Congress in 1939, three (Andreyev, Zhdanov, and Stalin) were also members of the Politburo, while the fourth, Malenkov, was admitted to that body as an alternate member in 1941. Of the five-man Secretariat appointed in 1946, again three (Stalin, Zhdanov, Malenkov) were members of the Politburo. Following Zhdanov's still-unexplained death, the Secretariat was reorganized in 1948 with the elimination of Zhdanov's lieutenant, A. A. Kuznetsov (who was executed as one of the principals in the mysterious "Leningrad Case"), and the admission of another Politburo member, Khrushchev. The other two members, P. K. Ponomarenko and Mikhail A. Suslov, were to be elevated to the party's highest body in 1952. Of the ten-man Secretariat elected at the 19th Party Congress (1952), *all* were also members of the Presidium (three as alternate members).

Thus from 1939 to March 1953, Stalin always insisted that an absolute majority of the members of the Secretariat (ranging from sixty per cent to a hundred per cent) be drawn from the Politburo; the other members, almost consistently, were slated for promotion to the Politburo at a later date. In view of this, I submit that Mr. Deutscher's statement that Stalin "kept the men of the Secretariat away from the Politburo" is untenable and so is much of the analysis that rests upon it. The history of the Politburo-Presidium and the Secretariat from 1939 to the present indicates that when the composition of the two bodies is overlapping, there is control of both bodies by a single authority; when overlapping membership is absent, there are factional schisms in the party leadership. Khrushchev's pattern of consolidation, as can easily be demonstrated, has been to move his supporters first into the Secretariat and then to advance them into the Presidium as alternate and then full members to take the seats of his rivals who have been expelled.

VERNON V. ASPATURIAN
Pennsylvania State University
University Park

Mr. Deutscher replies:

The facts to which Professor Aspaturian refers are irrelevant to my argument. I have stated that "*Stalin built up and secured* his autocratic dictatorship by keeping the Politburo . . . and the Secretariat strictly separated." Now, he did this in the 1920's and early 1930's. It was then that "*As a rule*, he also kept the men of the Secretariat away from the Politburo" although his "adversaries made repeated attempts to bring the Politburo and the Secretariat closer together." Mr. Aspaturian refers exclusively to the period *after 1939*, to which, as is clear from the context, I did not and could not refer. After 1939 Stalin was not "building up and securing" his autocracy, which was already firmly established. By then all his adversaries, those who had tried to bring Politburo and Secretariat closer together, were dead. He had long since stripped the Politburo of power; and it no longer mattered how that body was composed.

Khrushchev's present situation may be compared, if at all, with Stalin's position in the 1920's or early 1930's, not with his position after 1939, if only because Khrushchev is still dependent on the votes of the Central Committee and the Presidium, as Stalin after 1939 was not. If my critic wishes to enlighten himself on the importance which Stalin in his struggle for personal power attached to the separation of Politburo and Secretariat, he should acquaint himself with the disclosures made about this by Voroshilov and Zinoviev at the 14th Party Congress. (*Russian Verbatim Report*, pp. 397 and 454-456).

HIGH PRICES

To the Editor: I read with great interest John L. Hess's "What Keeps Prices Up?" (*The Reporter*, May 1). In this period of charges about administered prices and in an administration so close to big business, perhaps it may only be coincidence that the emphasis has been on "buy"—"You Auto Buy Now; Sales Mean Jobs"—rather than on creating conditions conducive to buying; namely, lowering prices.

This is a curious manipulation of the economy. In a real sense it is as much a departure from free enterprise as what is thought to have happened in the last twenty-five years by the staunch conservative. The only difference is that the approach is being made from the opposite end of the economy. In the past generation the economic effort has been geared to making the economy so favorable as to motivate the consumer. The "buy now" attempt puts the burden on the consumer to make the conditions so favorable as to motivate the economy. This approach would tend to bear out Mr. Hess's comment about the tendency of business to seek shelter from the harshness of competition.

MARTIN BERDIT
East Lansing, Michigan

To the Editor: Mr. Hess has written a remarkably concise, lucid, and complete treatise on our currently rising prices. I subscribe to two of our leading financial magazines, neither of which has printed anything as logical and penetrating. The brilliant treatment of this complex subject may well be the result of its being written by a "newspaperman"—and not an economist.

MORTON LEVY
San Francisco

To the Editor: I found Mr. Hess's article of interest, but am puzzled by the statements he makes with regard to the Civil Aeronautics Board and the airlines.

He says that in February, the CAB granted the airlines a fare increase, with the explanation that profits and traffic had declined. Actually, this was not the case. While it is true that profits have declined alarmingly, traffic has continued to grow, and every indicator at our command predicts that this growth will continue in the future.

Mr. Hess infers that the airlines are following a prevailing doctrine which, as he puts it, is: "If sales, and hence profits, go down, raise prices." That doctrine may be followed in some industries; it certainly isn't followed in ours.

The airlines are not the least bit defeatist. If they were, they would not be investing up to $3 billion in new jet equipment and supporting facilities. This investment is more than four times the net worth of the entire industry.

Clearly, the airlines find themselves in a situation where *increasing revenues* and *increasing traffic* can no longer absorb the rising level of costs.

JOHN HOVING, Vice President
Air Transport Association
of America
Washington

Mr. Hess replies:

As reported by the *Wall Street Journal* of February 26, the CAB "said a downturn in earnings and in the rate of passenger traffic growth justified the [fare] increase." It went on to say that the agency "noted a falling off in traffic and said 'probabilities are in favor of a below normal rate of traffic growth' this year, considering the general business decline."

It was indeed careless to refer to a decline in traffic rather than in the rate of growth of traffic, but that does not affect the point. The airlines and the CAB must be aware that a fare rise will discourage traffic, perhaps requiring another fare increase, etc., as in the railroad industry. I submit that that is defeatist.

Mr. Hoving's report shows that the domestic trunk airlines cleared fourteen per cent return on capital (including bonded debt as capital) *after taxes* in 1952; did they clamor for a cut in fares? The airline industry from the start has operated as a frequently subsidized, regulated, cartelized business.

Unfortunately, space does not permit a discussion of the recent international comedy in which the American airlines forced their European competitors to lower the quality of sandwiches served on economy flights. How's that for defeatism?

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THE REPORTER

136 East 57th Street
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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

TO SAY THAT these are days that will long be remembered is an understatement. Readers of the New York *Times* will not easily forget its front page on May 14: prospects of revolution in France and Algeria, the near lynching by a Venezuelan mob of Vice-President Nixon and his wife, Marines and paratroopers flown to the Caribbean, the Sixth Fleet cruising off the coast of Lebanon, raiders infiltrating into Lebanon from across the Syrian border—the ides of May seemed to presage calamity from all sides. Most of these calamities seemed to be moving on one target: the United States. This issue of *The Reporter* largely reflects the impact of the ides of May. **Max Ascoli's** editorial calls attention to the fact that the Soviet Union, indeed the whole Communist world, is also going through heavy weather. Of course, our opponents' worries do not relieve us of ours. Yet there are some reasons for confidence. One is of a negative nature, but we think it important: There is a preposterous quality in Vice-President Nixon's misadventures, in the other foolishness of those U.S. diplomats who planned his good-neighbor trip as if it had been a Republican tour of Vermont, but all this must surely bring a reappraisal of our relations with Latin America. In this case, the agonizing has been done by Mr. Nixon before the reappraisal.

France's troubles, as we all know, stem largely from the North African mess, which involves not only Algeria but also Tunisia and Morocco. We asked **Hal Lehrman,** an expert on such problems, to attend the Tangier Conference, at which prominent Arab leaders came to conclusions that sound ferociously anti-French. But Mr. Lehrman believes that there is still room for negotiation, and that *if* the French—and we with them—act wisely and quickly, North Africa need not be lost.

Ray Alan, a frequent contributor on Middle Eastern questions, describes the background of the present plight of Lebanon. The situation there provides little occasion for optimism.

Our British correspondent, **Alastair Buchan,** attended the NATO meeting of foreign ministers in Copenhagen—a momentous event that also took place under the spell of the ides of May. At Copenhagen there was superficial harmony even if, for a change, the continental nations were not united in a common mistrust of Secretary Dulles. In fact, the situation of our Secretary of State has changed considerably. But the alliance needs a thorough overhaul.

ANOTHER British writer, **William Clark** of the London *Observer,* reports on India, where he served as a correspondent. His latest book, *Less Than Kin* (Houghton Mifflin), will be reviewed in our next issue. . . . There has been a change in the high command of the Israeli Army. General Laskov has been named chief of staff. We are all familiar with his brave predecessor, Moshé Dayan, who wears an eye patch but not, to our knowledge, a Hathaway shirt. His successor was interviewed for us by NBC news commentator **Chet Huntley**. . . . In order to obtain a firsthand account of the Brussels World's Fair we sent **Marya Mannes,** accompanied, as usual, by **Sec**. . . . **Dale Kramer,** author of *The Wild Jackasses* (Hastings House), is also known as a Democratic candidate for Congress from Keokuk, Iowa.

PIANIST, composer, and director of music at radio station WQXR in New York, **Abram Chasins** wrote *Speaking of Pianists* (Knopf). . . . **Don Hogan** is a reporter for the New York *Herald Tribune*. . . . **Justin O'Brien** has edited and written an introduction to *From the N.R.F.* (Farrar, Straus and Cudahy). . . . **Alfred Kazin's** most recent book is *The Inmost Leaf* (Harcourt, Brace). . . . **Perry Miller** is professor of American literature at Harvard. . . . **Charles W. Thayer** is the author of *The Unquiet Germans* (Harper). . . . **Maya Pines** is the author of *Retarded Children Can Be Helped* (Channel Press). . . . **Al Newman** is a former member of our staff.

Our cover is by **Gil Miret.**

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THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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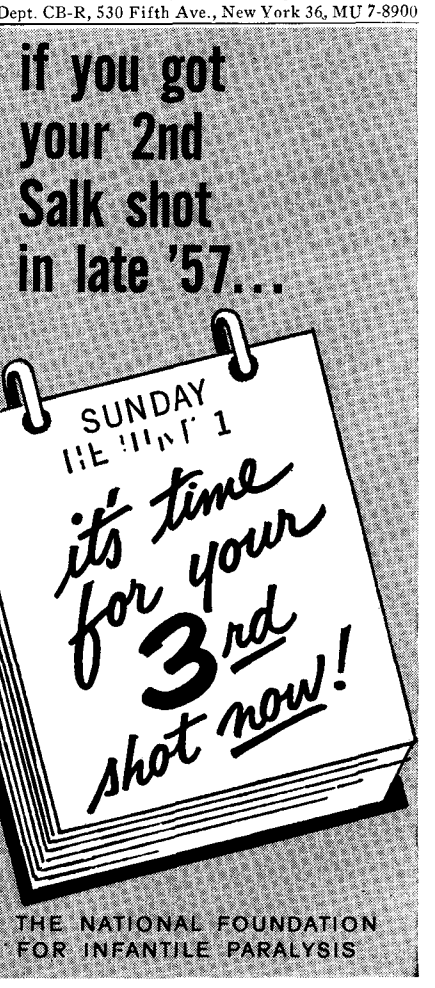
if you got your 2nd Salk shot in late '57...
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it's time for your 3rd shot now!
THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS

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Nationalisms vs. the U.S.A.

ONCE AGAIN, as at the time of Suez and Hungary, there is a strange concurrence in the tensions and stresses that bear on both the East and the West. Neither of the two blocs has a monopoly on troubles, though the nature of these troubles can scarcely be compared. On the Communist side de-Stalinization has stopped and re-Stalinization is on the rampage.

On our side there is no orthodoxy which allied nations may wish to restore or abjure, for our system of alliances is not encumbered by ideologies or doctrines. But it so happens that in several parts of the world people are getting wildly mad at the United States.

What spitting, rock-throwing mobsters have done to Vice-President Nixon and his wife is so revolting as to make nearly understandable the President's first, and by now familiar, reaction: calling on the 101st Airborne Division. And what about the pyromaniacs who set so many USIA libraries afire? These outposts of American culture are out of luck: the book burning that used to be selective in the times of Cohn and Schine now has become wholesale due to the initiative of Levantine or Franco-Algerian or South American rabble rousers.

Among these rabble rousers there must certainly be quite a number of Communists. But Communist agents can provide sedition and insurrection with know-how and weapons, not with causes. In Algeria, their role was taken over by local French nationalists, whose demonstration of hostility toward the United States was accompanied by a revolt against their own government.

In the East as well as in the West the intracoalition strife is on. In the Communist camp, hatreds and resentments are silenced, and when they burst out, as has happened more than once, the whole world shakes. Lately, the Kremlin and satellite leaders have taken to the habit of going to Budapest as if driven by the memory of Communism's latest crime. Nobody spits in Khrushchev's face when he goes to Budapest. Yet what the future may have in store for him should not make our Vice-President envious.

On our side hostility against our country is, if anything, overexpressed and overpublicized. This makes it neither reasonable nor healthy. But certainly it makes possible its cure, if only we have the stamina to understand what is happening and why.

IN LATIN AMERICA and in other parts of the world we had it coming to us. The rhetorics of good neighborliness with the sister republics had gone too far, for too long, unaccompanied by sustained efforts to make life more bearable for the Latin-American masses. The institutionalized chumminess between our visiting leaders and the local thievish dictators has caused deep, bitter resentment in the area. So-called military assistance to Latin America could scarcely be justified by Communist threats. Yet during the fiscal years 1950-1956, nearly $200 million worth of brand-new or second-hand weapons went south of our border and helped many a local ruler to stay in power, while piling up money in U.S. banks.

As recently as April 14, Secretary Dulles said that the inter-American system "has a significance which surpasses the bounds of this Hemisphere. It is well known, for example, that the Rio Treaty served as the model for the North Atlantic Treaty, which created NATO." Now, presumably, Mr. Dulles and certainly Mr. Nixon have learned better. Mr. Nixon also has learned, at a very high cost, that differences of opinion with disaffected Latin Americans cannot be settled by debating contests. The era of juvenile diplomacy should be over—and not only for that part of the world.

At least since the end of the war, it has been our policy to pamper nationalisms everywhere, as if nationalism were a praiseworthy thing in itself. The events of the past few weeks have made clear what no sane American should ever have forgotten: our country's mission is that of establishing supranational ties among nations so that their independence may be made limited and workable. No nation can be an end in itself—not even ours.

The blind revolt of so many nationalisms against us comes largely from the fact that we have failed to do the job which is ours. To be really strong, and to stand its ground against Russia, our country must be a matrix of commonwealths. This is a function that demands a considerably more serious effort than declamations about sister republics and the equality of nations.

IN KEEPING their own bloc together, the Communist leaders of Moscow and Peking probably cannot help being overbearing and oppressive. Our leaders, on the contrary, have tended to be lax and fatuous. But on the whole, in this strange period when the unity of each bloc is being tested, our side is infinitely better off than the Communists.

We are learning, we are moving, we are not constantly threatened by the return of an atrocious past. This is the privilege of free people. May that dearest and most threatened ally, France, never cease to share this privilege with us.

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North Africa And the West

HAL LEHRMAN

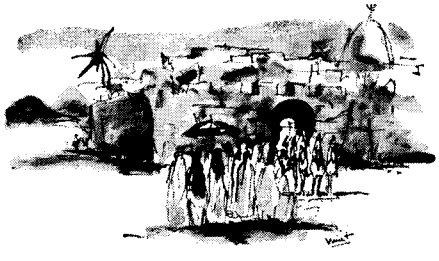
TANGIER

IN THE GORY MONTH of August, 1955, while Moroccan nationalists and the French were earnestly slaughtering each other, there came on three separate occasions a muffled rapping on the door of my room on the top floor of the Hotel Balima in Rabat, the capital of French-ruled Morocco. Each time, I would follow a small, retreating form down the corridor, outside and upstairs under the open sky to a secure angle of the parapet enclosing the hotel roof. There I had the honor of being instructed in the aims and horizons of the Moroccan Istiqlal (Independence) Party by one of its leading but then obscure practitioners named Mehdi Ben Barka. In those days he was carelessly shaven, seedily garbed, and as gaunt and hollow as a man so short in stature could be.

Today Ben Barka, no longer lean or threadbare, is president of sovereign Morocco's Consultative Assembly. He is the chief switch puller of the Istiqlal's party machinery, its ace tactician, and is generally acknowledged in Morocco as the strongest man after (and major potential republican threat to) King Mohammed V. The Istiqlal, already dominant, has just set up what amounts to a single-party government to replace the cabinet coalition between itself and a handful of outmaneuvered independents from which it had resigned last month. The party played host at Tangier, starting April 27, to a historic North African unity conference of the Istiqlal, Tunisia's Neo-Destour Party, and Algeria's battle-scarred Front de la Libération Nationale (F.L.N.)

Ben Barka, his Istiqlal associates, and their guests had lost none of their preference for clandestine dealings. The conference's preliminary meetings in Rabat, purportedly to draw up an agenda, had somewhat the atmosphere of an underground conspiracy. Life for the advance guard of correspondents who were Tangier-bound via Rabat became a sequence of pursuits and disappearances. Appointments with individual reporters were given and canceled. Different Rabat offices began estimating different dates for the opening at Tangier. Rumors spread that the Istiqlal wanted to delay until it could go to Tangier as *the* government party (of equal rank with the Neo-Destour, which runs Tunisia single-handedly) or that Tangier would merely be the setting for formal perfunctory proclamation of ageements already reached.

In the end, the mystery boiled down to a mixture of habitual insur-



rectional secrecy and the Istiqlal's reluctance to absent itself from the king's presence before he "chose" the government it wanted. The Tunisians insisted on sticking to schedule, so the Conference of Tangier duly opened there on the appointed day. The hitherto phantom Algerians, backed up by a formidable *fellagha* bodyguard, became visible at last. They sat stiffly at the head of a horseshoe table in the great hall of the handsome Palais du Marshan, recently built for the legislature of the International Zone just in time to house the ceremonies when the Zone passed into Moroccan hands and the legislature was abolished.

AFTER the first public burst of orotund Arabic speeches, the conference went into *huis clos,* so secret that even clerks, secretaries, and ushers were excluded. For three days the largest representation of the world press ever congregated in Tangier paced the hard marble floor outside the council chamber. We watched the eighteen delegates arrive and depart in their Cadillacs, Imperials, and De Sotos. We sipped minted tea, fruit extracts, and free cola drinks. Occasionally we fed on a barren communiqué or a *viva voce* declaration from Ben Barka or one of the others, announcing that the next point on the agenda had been reached amid universal accord.

The daily press, having to write daily stories, wrote them. "I've done three columns for tomorrow on how things are shaping up," one eminent French journalist advised me, "but it's probably all false." We were sure of only one thing: that the idea of an Algerian government-in-exile had been abandoned.

When the break came, on the fourth day, during a second public session ending the conference, it exploded with the force of a partisan assault on an ambushed French convoy in the Aurès. While the mayor of Tunis read the final resolutions from his place under a portrait of King Mohammed surmounted by a three-foot crown glowing with yellow electric bulbs, the text was distributed (in French) to the milling reporters in the rear. It denounced "certain western powers and NATO"

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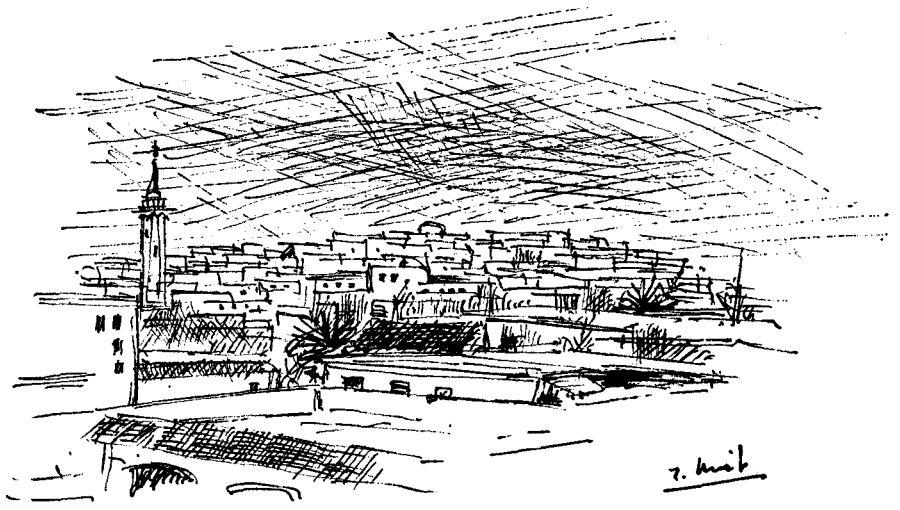

for helping France's "colonial war in Algeria." It demanded the immediate "cessation" of French use of Moroccan and Tunisian territory "as bases of aggression against the Algerian people." It called for "a federal form" of North African union. It proposed a Maghreb (North African) Consultative Assembly, made up of members of the Tunisian and Moroccan Parliaments and the "National Council of the Algerian Revolution." It created a six-man permanent secretariat from the three parties, to be located half the time in Tunis, half in Rabat. It summoned "the governments of the Arab Maghreb countries" to avoid separate foreign and military agreements "affecting the destiny of North Africa until the installation of federal institutions."

Most sensationally of all, the conference pledged the political parties to bring "the total support of their peoples . . . and governments" to the struggle for Algerian independence; singled out the F.L.N. as the "directing organ" of the Algerian liberation fight; and urged "the establishment, after consultation with the Tunisian and Moroccan governments, of an Algerian government."

The 'Youyous' of Battle

This spectacular document appeared to reflect an astonishing unanimity among elements that had numerous reasons to disagree, and a complete voluntary surrender to an Algerian faction that until then had made political progress only by fighting tooth and claw for every inch. The view widely held abroad that Tunisia and Morocco feared nothing worse than a strong Algeria controlled by a belligerent F.L.N.—except the dread possibility of utterly estranging France by recognition of a rebel Algerian government—was shown to be false. Instead of being pulled toward a posture of peace, the F.L.N. had evidently prodded the Istiqlal and the Neo-Destour into a posture of belligerence, involving them in an intimate joint secretariat and in defiance of both France and the West.

The closing hours of the Tangier Conference had a certain epochal quality peculiar to great moments in history. There was torrential applause and a contagious tremor among the Moslem witnesses in the hall. Out under the bright African sun, a great throng of Algerian refugees and Moroccan country folk, mostly women and children brought in on Istiqlal trucks, chanted strange songs, shrilled the pulsating *"youyous"* with which North African females have traditionally goaded their men into battle, and waved official clusters of Tunisian, Moroccan, and (for the first time) Algerian flags. On the rostrum Allal el Fassi, Istiqlal's president, its chief theoretician and champion of pan-Arab brotherhood, was fervently embraced by the western-minded head of the Tunisian delegation, State Secretary Bahi Ladgham, who for years represented the Tunisian independence movement from an office in New York City's east Fifties, and F.L.N. delegation leader Ferhat Abbas, who is known to be about as Islamic as blueberry pie. Surely it was a moment of majestic unity.

From private talks with some of the key figures at the conference, however, it was clear that there had been sharp differences and adroit compromises after all. It became apparent, too, that the stern conference positions were motivated by more than an understandable solidarity. They were impelled also by the quest, equally understandable, for maximum propaganda effect on the Moslem masses of Algeria and on the war of nerves between North Africa and France—with the United States as a harassed and already deeply involved observer.

The conference agenda drafted in the covert Rabat meetings had listed four points: the war in Algeria, liquidation of the remnants of "colonial domination" in North Africa, Maghreb unity, and a permanent structure to implement conference decisions. Nowhere cited in any public conference document, however, were two other points at the nub of the entire deliberations. First, the perilous possibility of closer F.L.N. involvement with Nasser—and even with the Soviet Union. Second, the problem of *peace* in Algeria, and the search for political devices for the achievement of a solution satisfactory to the North African régimes and parties most concerned.

As LONG AGO as 1955, when I visited a North African Liberation office in Cairo supported by Egyptian and Arab League funds, it was already clear that Colonel Nasser and the F.L.N. were expecting much from one another. Since then, Cairo and Moscow have moved closer, the flow of arms and other aid via Egypt to the F.L.N. has swelled, and impressive evidence has come to light of war matériel shipments direct from eastern Europe to the Algerian partisans.

Thanks to modern automatic weapons received from such sources, the F.L.N.'s firepower and political prestige have mounted substantially, and so, reportedly, have French casualties. On the other hand, the partisan command has been complaining to Rabat and Tunis (perhaps overvehemently, for bluff and bargaining purposes) that its increased strength is limited to eastern Algeria, where aid sifts easily across

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the unsealed Tunisian border. Deeper in the interior, allegedly, the F.L.N. situation has been made somber by stepped-up French military action, excessive strain on the local populations from partisan "taxation," and even a stark shortage of food for the "liberation" forces. So far as is known, Communist weapons are being sold to the F.L.N. at going Mediterranean prices. If the Soviet bloc started giving them out at cut rates, the relief to the F.L.N. treasury would be monumental. Rumors were actually being floated of a prospective F.L.N. mission to Moscow.

A Communist foothold in Algeria would be a palpable nightmare for Morocco's King Mohammed and Tunisia's President Habib Bourguiba. But even the Marxist-tinged left wing of the Istiqlal Party dreads possible Kremlin prying next door (though a technically illegal Communist Party is tolerated in Morocco). The Istiqlal was therefore a prime mover in organizing the Tangier Conference. Ben Barka especially deplored any extension of the Algerian affair from a strictly family dispute between North Africa and France (and the West). The conference was designed in essence to bring Algeria back into the Maghreb.

At first the F.L.N. was lukewarm to the invitation, consenting only after promises of concessions. Betting heavily on the others' worry about Red orientation, its spokesmen laid down a hard line in their initial brief at Tangier: Morocco and Tunisia must leave off their impotent farce of mediating the Algerian war. Their joint attempts at "good offices," even after being sanctified in the United Nations and the State Department, had been ignored by Paris. They should cut away clean from France and its western allies, giving full material support to the F.L.N. struggle, whatever the consequences.

The Smell of Demagoguery

Morocco was especially culpable, the Algerians charged. Apart from permitting a trickle of arms and supplies, a small partisan camp, and a radio station that had transmitted warnings about nearby French troop movements, the Moroccans were doing nothing for the cause. In fact, their eastern garrisons were actually helping the French by policing the frontier. Tunisia at least was letting the F.L.N. operate and squeezing the French out. The F.L.N. produced documents to show that enemy operations in westernmost Algeria hinged on the Oujda region in Morocco, from which Mohammed V had purged the partisan concentrations. If Morocco and Tunisia persisted in retaining their ties with France, however attenuated, then the F.L.N. must be free to make any other engagements it chose.

In reply the Moroccans argued for denunciation of the West but no rupture—a policy they call "nondependence." Morocco was already being sorely pressed by French stoppage of economic aid. What good would it do Algeria if Morocco collapsed? Besides, France must be shown that a North African people (Morocco) could receive independence without catastrophe for the French. The demonstration might even help Algeria by possibly reducing intransigence in Paris.

The Tunisians smelled demagoguery in this Moroccan stand; the Istiqlal was pussyfooting in its Algerian policy abroad but weeping crocodile tears at home for its "suf-

fering brothers" in order to curry sentimental favor with its constituent masses. The Tunisians, already in trouble with the French, might have preferred the Moroccans to involve themselves, too, and thereby perhaps take some of the heat off Tunisia. Moreover, Tunisia had greater cause to fear an F.L.N. swing toward extremism, since it is almost an extension of Algeria (while Morocco is immunized by mountains and is an Atlantic country) and in effect is already enduring F.L.N. "occupation."

One the other hand, if the F.L.N. ever decided to proclaim itself a government, with its seat in Cairo or even in Moscow, no other Arab government could escape internal overthrow unless it granted prompt recognition. Better to offer first papers of recognition that would become final only "after consultation."

A 'Government' to Be Announced

The final "unanimous" resolutions were thus revealed as a neat compromise, with something for everybody. France, NATO, and the United States were loudly excoriated—but no bridges were burned. Just what "measures" were to be taken against colonial domination and to aid the Algerians materially was left vague, for future study. (Early developments may be the creation of a larger F.L.N. refuge and rest area in Morocco as well as authorization of a popular campaign for "voluntary" donations.) The two established parties gave the F.L.N. an enormous boost by acknowledging it as the *only* spokesman for fighting Algeria, and made it an equal founding member with them of the embryo Maghreb union. In vital exchange, the F.L.N. pledged to consult with the others before setting up a government, and joined them in promising not to take any unilateral decision affecting the whole area—i.e., political contracts with régimes farther eastward.

The fact that at the Tangier Conference Morocco and Tunisia were represented by parties, not by governments, may offer some opportunities for weaseling. But not many, since the parties are practically identical with the governments. More significant were the differences of interpretation immediately after the release of the decisions. The chief of the Tunisian delegation did not think that continuation of Anglo-American "good offices" for ending his country's present quarrel with France in the wake of the Sakiet bombing required consultation with Tunisia's partners. Nor did the Istiqlal secretary general, Foreign Minister (now Premier) Ahmed Balafrej, feel that Morocco had given up the right to make its own Algerian-frontier policy. As for when and where an Algerian government might be formed, Ferhat Abbas told

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a press conference that this was up to the F.L.N. to "discuss and decide." (Later I was privately and "authoritatively" advised by an unidentifiable source that the Algerian government might be announced in early June; that its temporary "capital" would probably be Tunis; and that it would be a wholesome and moderating blend of political and military elements, with senior statesman Abbas the most likely premier and Krim Ben Kassen, a *maquis* commander, as defense minister.)

AT FIRST GLANCE the Tangier pronunciamento seemed to make no concession to the general western hope for a break in the Algerian deadlock or to the particular desire reported in Washington for the emergence of some new "interlocutor" with whom France might find it possible to negotiate. The F.L.N., regarding itself as the sole possible negotiator, talked of nothing less than full independence as a prime prerequisite. The other delegations hailed the F.L.N. as uniquely competent among present would-be administrators of Algeria: "We have seen dossiers on the extent and effectiveness of their control, and they are astonishingly impressive."

Public discussion of the move toward Maghreb unity stressed its inherent power and determination: "As long as France talks of war, we can talk only of defense." "When an Algerian government is formed and recognized, France will be dealing not just with Algeria but with all North Africa." "Maghreb unity means that there can be no more separate French mortgages on each of our territories."

The Message to France

Conference participants were patently bullish on Tangier's potential contributions to an Algerian settlement. After all, though they had not accepted any rival Algerian factions as possible interlocutors, they had brought in the entire North African subcontinent. There was a place left even for Libya, whose absence at Tangier was "explained" by the nonexistence of Libyan political parties and a lack of time in which to select a delegation. (No mention was made of the Libyan prime minister's coincidental visit to London to negotiate for more British economic aid.)

It was felt that association with Morocco and Tunisia could have only a moderating influence on the Algerians. The presence of Abbas and other nonmilitary delegates as fully accredited spokesmen was taken to be a favorable sign of the F.L.N.'s increasing politicization and departure from military stiffness. Even the creation of a Maghreb Assembly—to be composed of sixty parliamentarians, twenty from each country—could be a helpful broadening of contact with Algerian elements other than the military.

In a sense, the entire conference proceedings and atmosphere constituted a message to France and the United States. The French, I was told, knew the jig was up in Algeria: independence was inevitable, but nobody dared come forth as liquidator of the problem. Well, here was a chance for a new Mendès-France. The Maghreb itself was a new interlocutor made to order; the F.L.N. was bound not to act without its partners, and Morocco and Tunisia were therefore available as the guarantors the French had been seeking. Conversely, U.S. pressure on France was now made possible. Washington had been seeking a pretext for urging France to regard Algeria as more than a French problem. Here now, in the new Maghreb constellation, was the argument the rising pro-North African element in the State Department needed. In turn, whoever sprang up from the French political heap to risk the unpopular role of liquidator could use American pressure as his alibi.

THE LOGIC was neat, but it was not entirely in line with the results of a four-day Paris survey I had made before coming to Morocco. I interviewed French leaders and opinion makers ranging from the conservative Right to the liberal Left, just short of the Communists. Not even the sternest critics of previous French policy were willing to abandon Algeria's 1.2 million European settlers to F.L.N. mercies. I found some who were prepared to consider independence as a policy to be announced publicly and a few who felt negotiations with the F.L.N. ought to be attempted—but none who thought the F.L.N. would be anything other than unreasonable, thereby merely strengthening France's position before world opinion.

In the general French view, the test of F.L.N. reliability and representativeness is its refusal to accept free elections in Algeria. At the Tangier press conference, when I asked Abbas why he has rejected the offer of an internationally supervised elec-

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tion, he replied that previous French Algerian electoral trickery, in the preparatory months before the vote as well as at the polls, was too notorious for comment. This is unhappily true, and the French today are being plagued by their own history. Are they more sincere now? The F.L.N. cannot be blamed for being less confident about this than France's friends.

But the French charge that the F.L.N.'s real reason for evading an election is its knowledge that it would lose even an honest one. According to many French spokesmen, the authentic temper of the Algerian Moslems is reflected by the number who join the voluntary defense militias to fight the F.L.N. when necessary (more than the regular strength of the F.L.N. forces) and by the seven thousand Moslems who have accepted posts as municipal councilors despite terrorist threats that they would be executed.

Many informed Frenchmen continue to believe that implementation of current political reform programs, giving Moslems the equality they desire without severance from France, will cut the ground from under the F.L.N. and make a better Algeria for all concerned.

Having noted all this, however, and leaving aside political and physical obstacles to genuine North African unity too complicated to be considered here, I have little doubt that the Tangier Conference will remain a landmark in Maghreb history.

THE MEN of the Maghreb are tougher, more resolute, and generally more enlightened than their nationalist counterparts east of them in the Arab world. The territories they hope to link in bonds not yet determined possess the clear advantage of similar forms and institutions fashioned by the French spirit and tradition that have ruled and helped shape them all.

Indeed, many of the Maghreb leaders now resisting French influence or government are themselves imbued with the mind and speech and genius of France. This is one of North Africa's basic strengths. It is also a cardinal asset to France in its present hour of anguish over Algeria and the Maghreb.

Lebanon: Buildup To a Breakdown

RAY ALAN

"A DICTATOR could easily seize power here," the Lebanese used to say, "but he couldn't remain in power. The first question everyone would ask on hearing of his *coup d'état* would be not 'What is his program?' but 'What is his religion?' And that would be that."

This confidence has recently begun to wilt somewhat. A great many Lebanese have been hoping for some time for a *coup d'état* that would link Lebanon with the United Arab Republic; others have urged Lebanon's Maronite commander in chief, General Fuad Shehab, to take over the government. These two movements, which derive their support from both inside and outside of Lebanon, had been producing turmoil in the country long before the recent outbreaks of violence.

Political Balance of Sects

Religion has always been a paramount political issue in Lebanon, whose population of just under a million and a half is rent not only by conflicts between Christians and Moslems but also by sectarian hostilities within the two main groups.

The republic's founders agreed that no single leader could possibly depend upon the loyalty of more than a third of the population. If power were concentrated in Sunni Moslem hands, the Shiite Moslems, Christians, and Druzes would object; a Maronite Christian ruler would be opposed by the Orthodox Christians, Moslems, and Druzes; and so on. Apparently the only solution was to share the power and prestige; there would be a Maronite president, a Sunni Moslem prime minister, and a multi-religious chamber of deputies presided over by a Shiite.

Lebanon's sixty-six-member chamber is composed of twenty Maronite Christians, seven Orthodox Christians of the Greek rite and three of the Armenian rite, four Greek Catholics and one Armenian Catholic, fourteen Sunni Moslems, twelve Shiite Moslems, four Druzes, and one "representative of the minorities." Lebanese Moslems have complained that these quotas fail to take into account the heavy Christian emigration (mostly to the Americas and French Africa) and the high Moslem birth rate of the last twelve years. They have argued that if Palestinian refugees in Lebanon were given citizenship rights, the Moslems would have a majority.

Despite the intensity of popular emotion, Lebanon's religious conflicts have rarely been discussed openly in the press, on political platforms, or on the radio. The subject has always been camouflaged—debated in terms of, for example, cultural trends or the future of individual political personalities or Lebanon's relations with its Moslem neighbors.

Even during the heated debates at the time the United Arab Republic was formed, Lebanon's religious lineup was blurred. Sunni Moslem opponents of the *status quo* were joined by many Greek Orthodox Christians who believe that more is to be gained by swimming with than against Moslem currents. A vigorous Maronite Christian minority began arguing that Lebanon had no alternative but to work for friendly coexistence, even loose federal ties, with the U.A.R. The Shiite community—generally oriented toward Iraq, which is the guardian of its main shrines and pilgrimage centers of Najf and Kerbela—was split on this issue.

FOR AT LEAST two years Lebanon has been a prime target of Syrian-Egyptian subversion and terrorism, conducted first by the Egyptian military attaché in Beirut (expelled last year), then by Colonel Abdel Hamid Serraj, chief of Syrian Army intelligence. Syrian frontier forces have violated the Lebanese border at will,

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and Serraj's agents have attacked and kidnaped critics of the Damascus régime in the very center of Beirut.

About a hundred thousand Lebanese—nearly a tenth of the country's population—flocked across the Syrian border to Damascus last February to cheer Gamal Abdel Nasser. In March, pro-Nasser elements rioted savagely in Tyre when the authorities jailed three youths who had demonstrated their enthusiasm for the U.A.R. by hauling down a Lebanese flag.

All this had produced something of a siege mentality among those Lebanese who are genuinely attached to their pleasant Ruritanian republic and are determined to defend its right to be a "Near Eastern Switzerland." Some Christian circles began stressing Lebanon's Mediterranean vocation. "We have more in common with Italy and Greece," army officers and teachers told me, "than with Yemen and Egypt." Even on the Algerian issue, Christian journalists have plucked up courage to demand greater Lebanese comprehension of France's difficulties and less parroting of slogans. Patriotic groups, including the powerful Phalanges Libanaises, registered an upsurge of popular support for the government.

The Second-Term Upheaval

Simultaneously, however, Lebanon's own president, Camille Chamoun, was taking steps that tended to undermine the republic's stability. Chamoun, surely one of the world's most handsome heads of state, rode to power on the wave of hope and enthusiasm whipped up by the "Rose-water Revolution" of August, 1952. Given a clear mandate to clean up the republic after the scandal-spotted tenure of independent Lebanon's first president, Bechara el-Khoury, Chamoun proved unexpectedly weak. Though there were fewer public scandals from 1952 on, there was no discernible diminution in administrative corruption.

As a diplomat Chamoun was more courageous. Even when he was saddled with an anti-western premier and foreign minister, he managed to preserve his country's ties with the West. Lebanon was the only Arab League state to maintain normal diplomatic relations with Britain and France throughout the Suez crisis and it has been the only one to accept the Eisenhower Doctrine.

President Chamoun's six-year term was to expire this summer, and the Lebanese constitution forbids a second term. But Chamoun, still vigorous and ambitious at fifty-eight, was genuinely convinced that his leadership was necessary to steer Lebanon clear of the U.A.R. maelstrom and maintain a modestly westerly course. He frequently gave the impression of believing that the United States government shared this conviction.

Even before the Syrian-Egyptian *Anschluss,* he let it be known that he was thinking of asking the chamber of deputies to amend the constitution so as to permit him to run for a second term, though his friends stressed that before committing himself finally he would be guided by public opinion. Public reaction was loudly unfavorable. Nevertheless, in mid-April President Chamoun informed his entourage that, come what might, he intended to push the constitutional amendment through, and the news was speedily leaked to the press.

Many Moslems, Sunni and Shiite alike, who had hitherto been indifferent or hostile to the U.A.R., joined it in opposing Chamoun's bid for re-election. More than two hundred of the country's most influential Moslem personalities, religious and political, associated themselves with a statement issued from the home of the Grand Mufti of Lebanon accusing President Chamoun and Premier Sami es-Solh of "spreading dissension, stimulating feuds," and provoking "bloody disorders" in the pursuit of personal political ambitions. These same personalities boycotted the reception, traditional in Moslem communities, held by the premier to mark the end of the Ramadan fast—which was probably just as well, since a bomb went off halfway through the proceedings, shattering most of the premier's windows. The Grand Mufti barred government supporters from his own Ramadan banquet.

Many Moslem and some Christian leaders declared that they would no longer recognize Camille Chamoun as president or Sami es-Solh as premier if the chamber of deputies tampered with the constitution. The chamber itself had to be suspended to prevent members from coming to blows over opposition charges of anti-Moslem discrimination under Chamoun's presidency. The main opposition group, the pro-Nasser National Front, announced that it would boycott any future president who was not pledged in advance to oppose the Eisenhower Doctrine and seek some link with the U.A.R.

At this point, the rift in Chamoun's own Maronite community was complete. Monseigneur Meouchi, the Maronite patriarch, went so far in his criticism of the president and the premier that Chamoun's supporters accused him of harboring political ambitions of his own and plotting with Nasser to maneuver Lebanon into the U.A.R.

Only the Maronite officers who predominate in the upper ranks of the Lebanese Army seemed aloof from the turmoil, and this apparent detachment led to a growing demand that General Fuad Shehab take over the administration.

It was General Shehab who organized the 1952 "Rose-water Revolution" which ousted President Bechara el-Khoury. The promptness with which he handed back the administration to civilian control, together with his scrupulous political neutrality, won him national respect. Moslem and Greek Orthodox Lebanese alike would give him a freer hand in effecting a political spring cleaning than they would accord to any other Maronite, though U.A.R. propaganda would undoubtedly spare no effort to discredit him: during the 1957 parliamentary elections he detailed troops to guard Jewish lives and property in Beirut in order to frustrate an attempt by Egyptian agents to touch off a pogrom.

General Shehab's strongest ambition in recent months has been for retirement. Yet amid the recent rioting and bloodshed it has been difficult to see who else could lead a still independent Lebanon. Every other potential president and premier in sight had committed himself too deeply in the upheaval to be acceptable to more than a minority of the electorate. And General Shehab's political neutrality does not extend to handing Lebanon over to the U.A.R.

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NATO: New Weapons And Old Strategies

ALASTAIR BUCHAN

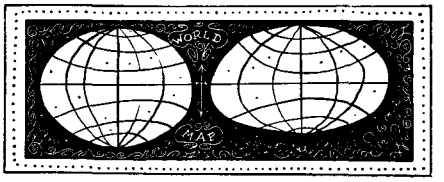
LONDON

COMPARED with the bad temper and the evident disunity displayed at the meeting of the heads of the NATO governments in Paris last December, this month's meeting of their foreign ministers in Copenhagen was a well-bred and amicable affair. The success of NATO meetings, an experienced and disillusioned diplomatic friend once confided to me, varies in inverse proportion to the length of their communiqués. In Paris it took thirty-six sections to paper over an unhealed breach between John Foster Dulles and the European leaders on disengagement and negotiations with Russia. In the quieter air of Copenhagen, it took only ten sections to give the sense of a meeting in which nothing dramatic had been achieved, but in which no one had thrown any bricks—at Dulles or at each other.

We can discount most of the complacent bombast in which it is still found necessary to describe these gatherings—"true community of free nations," "remarkable progress made in the strengthening of political consultation," "full agreement . . . on the basic principles of the alliance"—and still accept the fact that the alliance has pulled itself together in recent months to an extent that seemed highly improbable when the year opened.

For one thing, Dulles is no longer being pushed up the path to the Summit by the European members of NATO. His stock stands high at the moment for the way in which he has conducted the negotiations over the Summit. The recent Soviet veto in the U.N. Security Council on discussion of the administration's Arctic inspection plan has rallied support to him, and has closed the ranks of NATO in a way in which he could not, perhaps, have brought about by himself. The negative attitude of Moscow toward any form of inspection or real progress toward a negotiated agreement on disarmament has temporarily alleviated the European sense of frustration with the negativeness of United States policy.

MOREOVER, the frenzy of discussion that broke out in the months immediately after Sputnik and the decision to base intermediate missiles in Europe has now begun to subside. The sense of urgency, the feeling that an entirely new situation had arisen which necessitated an entirely new approach to the Russians, has given way to more parochial pre-



occupations. France can scarcely take its eyes off North Africa; Britain is absorbed with a round of strikes and the possibility of an election; Italy has its election; Belgium its World's Fair.

Disengagement in Europe is no longer a live issue as far as governments are concerned. When the Kennan BBC lectures came only a few weeks after Sputnik, disengagement seemed a possible answer to the new situation created by the equalization of Soviet with American striking power. Now even the British government, which, in its desire to disengage its own forces from Europe, looked longer and more lovingly at the idea than others, has relegated it to the "pending" files, as one of a number of proposals for a general settlement when the time is ripe, but no panacea in itself.

The Rapacki Plan for a denuclearized zone in Europe has been studied in NATO's Secretariat from every conceivable angle in an effort to find a variant which would appease the fears of Poland and the other satellites of a Germany armed with nuclear weapons, and at the same time overcome the distaste of almost all the NATO partners for the idea. In the end, every variant put forward has come to nothing—because it would jeopardize the military position of NATO itself, or might lead to an American withdrawal from Europe, or would prejudice the reunification of Germany. Consequently, the American rejection of the Rapacki Plan has not created much dismay, since there is a weary acceptance of the fact that it is not feasible and that such new ideas as it has produced must be merged into the existing western proposals for a zone of ground and aerial inspection in Europe as part of a package offer on disarmament.

Mr. Sandys Thinks Again

It is not merely the fact that so many of the short cuts to the Summit are proving to be dead ends which has brought the European allies into closer harmony with Washington. There is also, for the first time in two years or more, some real measure of agreement about the principles on which NATO's military planning should be based over the next five years. Supreme Commander Lauris Norstad's concept of a strong "shield" of thirty divisions in western Europe has finally been accepted. Britain's explicit agreement to this plan, as expressed by Duncan Sandys at the defense ministers' meeting in Paris in mid-April, represents the requiem of the dangerous "trip-wire" thesis (the idea that since any military move in Europe would mean total war, it is only necessary to have sufficient NATO forces in Germany to trigger off strategic retaliation). Sandys had been the last and keenest advocate of this concept.

Moreover, Sandys, whose aloof attitude toward the European members of NATO and whose tendency to take unilateral decisions had made Britain bitterly unpopular with the European governments, has realized

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the dangers of his policies. He has seen a powerful Franco-Italian-German coalition about to form against him, and has now opened the way to a genuine interchange of information and research facilities on all forms of weapons other than nuclear. For the first time in the nine years of NATO's existence there is the making of a co-ordinated European arms program, with each nation specializing in different weapons according to its special abilities. Britain, for instance, which a few years ago hoped to be the major supplier of conventional arms, aircraft, and missiles to its continental allies, now expects to be importing half its armaments from Europe within a decade. The fabulous cost of the next generation of weapons has forced a degree of integration that good intentions alone were never strong enough to achieve.

The Cracks Behind the Façade

But though NATO is only nine years old, it already has some of the characteristics of an ancient monument. One can shore up the roof or apply a new coat of stucco, only to find that the foundations have begun to sink or that there are termites in the beams. True, there is now a far wider measure of agreement about the correct approach to the Russians, but there are hidden cracks within the alliance's structure that a new coat of paint can do little to repair.

The two principal sources of weakness are, first, that no one really knows just what contingency NATO's military planning is now designed to meet; and, second, that the alliance is becoming less and less like Ulysses' mariners, "One equal temper of heroic hearts," and more and more based on the power of only two of its members: the United States and Germany.

If one looks only at the façade, it is clearly a source of satisfaction that the strategic concept of a strong shield of conventional forces in western and southern Europe has now been re-established. It should mean that the ghost of massive retaliation has at last been laid, and that the job of building a force which can provide a wider range of alternatives between total war and appeasement, in the event of Soviet pressure on or invasion of Europe, can now go forward again. The trouble is that the shield force itself may soon be capable of little else than acting as the trigger for total war.

EVER SINCE General Norstad assumed command at SHAPE, he has consistently preached the need for a strong shield of thirty divisions, in order to demonstrate to the Russians that any pressure on western Europe would involve a higher price than they would ever consider it worthwhile to pay. But each time he has put forward his proposals, the bill—in terms of money and manpower—has come out much higher than his European allies have been prepared to pay. Inevitably, each time the Atlantic Council has sent him back to do his homework over again he has had to include a larger and larger element of tactical nuclear weapons to replace manpower and costly conventional arms. The plan that is now finally agreed upon, M.C. 70, assumes the disposal of the new small atomic weapons, the eight-inch artillery shell "Honest John," and the new lightweight atomic projectiles being developed in the United States throughout the divisions and brigades of every NATO country that will accept them (which excludes, in effect, only Norway and Denmark).

It is true that their warheads will remain under tight allied—that is, American—control. It is also true that these weapons, being short-range, are demonstrably defensive rather than offensive in character. But if limited nuclear war in Europe is an impossibility, can such a force provide the alternative to appeasement or total war? By 1963 none of the thirty divisions will be in a position to engage in anything more than a minor skirmish without recourse to atomic weapons. (This is already almost true of the U.S. forces in Germany.) When this is the case, will not the shield be merely a thicker trip wire for total war?

This is the impasse into which economic and political stringency is leading military planning. Moreover, may not this dispersion of nuclear weapons defeat the purpose of the shield by making the Russians raise the ante in Europe? Tactical nuclear weapons tend to favor the defense, but already the twenty-two Soviet divisions in East Germany are being transformed from a relatively static force into a heavily armored mobile spearhead specifically designed to penetrate areas defended by tactical atomic weapons. Norwegian Foreign Minister Halvard Lange, a man not given to exaggeration, stated on April 24 that Soviet rocket bases are being constructed throughout East Germany, Poland, and Czechoslovakia. Will not the nuclearization of the NATO shield mean that in five years' time there will be a balance of military power in Europe, but at a far higher level of destructive power? This is the military question—quite apart from the political and emotional tensions raised by the equipment of German divisions with atomic weapons.

Who Represents What?

The various political and emotional consequences of nuclearizing the shield force cannot be overlooked, for their development is as important a factor as the development of the weapons themselves. At the moment their true weight is concealed by the fact that the dynamic behind NATO's policy is in effect supplied by only two of the governments concerned.

Initially—and though it was less than a decade ago, the clamor of events makes it seem a different historical era—the Atlantic Council was a body of formidable coequals fully backed by their countries' public opinions: Dean Acheson, Ernest Bevin, Robert Schuman, Lester Pearson, Count Sforza. Today, with two exceptions, it is a body of tired or untried men: Ernest Bevin's present successor is a cipher, representing a government whose mandate is running out; Lester Pearson's successor is an inexperienced university president; France was represented at Copenhagen by a man who could speak neither for his country nor his government.

It is not merely the fact that personalities have changed that makes Dulles and Adenauer the two decisive voices in the framing of NATO policy. France, its eyes riveted on North Africa, is not at present a functioning member of the alliance;

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it provides only an uneasy stretch of real estate across which SHAPE's vital supply lines run. Britain, hypnotized by the problem of maintaining its independent nuclear deterrent on slender economic resources so as to retain the semblance of "great power" status, will next year be contributing no more to the defense of Europe, in terms of men or aircraft, than Belgium, the Netherlands, or Canada. It is not surprising that General Norstad should regard Bonn and Washington as his two decisive bosses.

But not only are the two men who frame German-American policy elderly and, therefore, averse to rethinking their positions; they have also a limited period of authority ahead of them—Dulles two and a half years at most, Adenauer perhaps a year longer. Obviously, one cannot judge from here what post-Dulles U.S. policy will be, or whether the next administration will really face the issue of limited war and the need for strong conventional forces capable of fighting without recourse to atomic weapons. But post-Adenauer Germany will certainly be a very different country. A NATO shield completely dependent on atomic weapons, as M.C. 70 will make it, means only one thing to most Germans—the nuclear devastation of their homeland. The Adenauer government is enforcing conformity to the NATO plan only by something not far short of strong-arm methods. Post-Macmillan Britain may also suffer a similar revulsion of feeling.

THUS, the sinking foundation on which NATO's present planning rests consists in just this: that before its present five-year plan to make the shield of ground forces totally dependent on atomic weapons has run its term, the political supports will almost certainly have disappeared. The saving factor is that it will be two years or more before the atomic weapons actually reach the European allies.

Let us hope that the two years or so of political confusion and stagnation that lie ahead in almost all western governments will be used to better purpose than to enforce a strategy that may be politically and militarily obsolete before it has been put into effect.

India's Ten Years Of Revolution by Consent

WILLIAM CLARK

NEW DELHI

TEN YEARS after independence, Jawaharlal Nehru's government in India is facing its most severe test. Outwardly there is simply an economic crisis in which a shortage of capital is holding up development plans, but it is in essence the crisis of democracy in Asia. The question of whether parliamentary democracy can survive in this alien soil will be settled in the next few years, and the stage on which its struggle for survival is to be played out is India.

Yet it is disappointing to find how little interested the western world is in events that so deeply concern its future. The fault must be partly ours—somehow we correspondents have not caught the ear of the people at home; partly it is the fault of the western peoples who (particularly in Britain) feel that they no longer have any real responsibilities or interest in the subcontinent; and partly the fault is India's own because it has presented its personality so badly. To most people in Britain and America, India is made to appear either as a sanctimonious litigant with a bad case over Kashmir or as a neutral nation desperately anxious to avoid offense to Communist powers and rather less careful about treading on western toes.

The facts are quite different. Nehru's India is not neutral; it is deeply committed to the western ideal of government by consent. Alone among the very big nations of the world, it is trying to carry out its industrial revolution—its jump into the twentieth century—by persuasion rather than by coercion. Nehru's foreign policy of nonalignment is not an end in itself but merely a sort of cocoon inside which India may peacefully devote all its energies to the task of transformation—just as the United States did behind the shield of the Monroe Doctrine. The West fails to understand fully how colossal this task is, and how near, if it succeeds, it will bring India to the side of those nations that believe in political freedom and individual rights. If Asia is to retain any links with the West, the Indian revolution must succeed; if it fails, all the most populous nations of the world will be ranged against us.

WHAT THEN is the Indian revolution, and what are its chances of success? First of all it is a democratic revolution—an attempt to make parliamentary democracy on the Westminster pattern operate in a country where two-thirds of the vast electorate are illiterate and where there is a long tradition of authoritarian rule. The very vocal existence of a parliament (whose ministers are questioned daily) and the holding of two general elections based on adult franchise place India in complete contrast with its great northern neighbor, China, where political forms are borrowed from Russia. In every country of Asia those who are politically conscious are watching this competition eagerly.

It would be absurd to expect that in ten years India had created a stable working democracy comparable with that of Britain or the United States. You do not have to be long in India before you see that the government of India does not rest in parliament, or in the cabinet. Nehru alone governs India—just as Winston Churchill governed Britain in 1940-1942. But Nehru (like Churchill) is not a dictator by nature or choice; he pretends that he is in fact as well as in theory the servant of parliament. For him, parliament is an important instrument in carrying out his political and social revolution, which will eventually result in India's becoming a genuine parliamentary democracy. He uses parliament to explain his purposes and plans, to educate the new masters of India, to point

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the moral that the government of the people is responsible to the people.

Secular, Socialist, Scientific

It is very largely through parliament, which he uses as a sounding board to reach the whole nation, that Nehru has put across a surprisingly clear impression of the nature of the new India he is trying to create. He wants to make India secular, socialist, and scientific, and each concept is in daring opposition to the dead weight of Indian tradition.

By making India secular, Nehru challenges the whole religious structure of Hindu society on which India's way of life has been based for centuries. The Indian constitution's ban on discrimination against the untouchables strikes at the root of religious influence on society. The legal, and practical, insistence on equality for Moslems runs counter to that whole trend of history which only ten years ago led to the partitioning of the subcontinent. Yet it is evident that unless India really becomes a secular state, in which a man's religion in no way affects his political status, it will be impossible for the country to be united, democratic, or modern.

THE WORD "socialist," which is often on the lips of the Congress Party and of the prime minister, has led to a good deal of misunderstanding abroad, and indeed reflects a muddle in many Indians' minds. Much of Indian political thinking is frozen in the early Laski period, when to be progressive or anti-colonial was to be socialist. Today the most hidebound captains of industry in the Congress Party, managers who would expel a trade unionist from their factory, solemnly declare themselves in favor of the "socialist pattern of society." What they seem to mean by this is not public ownership of the means of production but, first, a planned effort to increase production and, second, an effort to smooth out the inequality between wealth and poverty. For Nehru this egalitarianism is a consuming passion. Though a wealthy aristocrat himself, he dislikes wealthy men and big business and has a strong bias in favor of the underdog. Once again the objective

of his revolution is in conflict with the traditional Indian attitude that the Divine Will has created the rich and powerful for the poor and weak to admire.

PERHAPS it is in his emphasis on scientific thought as the basis for a new India that Nehru comes most sharply into conflict with the old India. Most Indians just do not accept the relation of scientific cause and effect. My driver, who is a skilled mechanic, will seriously invoke a special deity to stop the car from boiling on hills because he honestly believes that it is caused by a demon.

Perhaps it is because eighty per cent of India's food depends on the God-given rains of the monsoon, which may fail or fall out of season, that Indians refuse to equate individual effort with results. Whatever the reason, Nehru has seen that this mentality is a formidable barrier to India's entry into the modern world. As a result, he constantly does battle with the belief that the individual is not responsible, and constantly tries to instill the rather Victorian doctrine that we stand or fall by our own efforts.

Of course, being scientific means more to India's leaders than just a state of mind. It means having machines instead of mass manpower, veterinary care instead of herds of undernourished diseased cattle, cars instead of bullock carts; it means, in fact, making India an equal partner with its late imperial masters.

Between Bhave and Communism

This, then, is the revolution planned by Nehru. In the first ten years of independence enormous strides have been made, most notably in the political sphere. What are the prospects for the next ten years?

They are not so bright. The whole motive power for this basically pro-western revolution has come from a small group of men who struggled against the British for half their lives and came to respect their adversaries and to admire many of their methods. The "westernizers" in the Congress Party are nearly all old men, and are unlikely to provide the leadership for the future. In the next ten years it seems probable that the Congress Party will come to be dominated, or at least increasingly influenced, by those who draw their inspiration from Indian tradition and who look to Mahatma Gandhi as the source of political wisdom.

By far the best known of these, and a powerful influence throughout India, is Vinoba Bhave, Gandhi's disciple and now the leader of a movement to solve India's economic problems by charity. He preaches the doctrine that all men are brothers, that the rich should give their surplus land to the poor, and that the villager should grow enough food for himself and his family and devote the rest of his time to handicrafts. He abhors industry. Bhave is not just a lonely crank. He has converted Jayaprakash Narayan, a former leader of the Praja-Socialist Party and one of India's best intellects, and many others who are appalled at the difficulties and pitfalls that confront an Asian country trying to enter the industrial race.

These men, honest, self-sacrificing, and devoted, do not wish to concentrate their attention on industrial progress in the western sense; they would prefer to withdraw from the technological race, which produces Sputniks and atom bombs, and turn their efforts to producing a rural India living in dignified, contented poverty. They are the modern Luddites who, even today, refuse to allow new textile mills to be built, preferring the hundreds of thou-

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sands of Gandhian hand looms that pour forth inferior coarse cloth.

Sometimes it seems as if the only alternative to this rather gloomy outlook is Communist rule. Already the Communists have managed to establish themselves as the official opposition to the Congress Party in parliament, and in the state of Kerala they actually govern. The Communists are well organized, at a time when the Congress organization is breaking down. They have a sense of mission, while Congress has fulfilled its original mission and not yet found another. But the Communists are a small minority and only by the complete failure of the Nehru-Congress régime can they come to power.

The Price of Democracy

If India is to avoid going back to the Middle Ages under the banner of Gandhiism, or forward to 1984 with the Communists, the present policies of the "westernizers" will have to pay off soon. This means that the second Five-Year Plan must make a noticeable impact on the standard of living of the people. At the moment that seems unlikely.

The rather modest first Five-Year Plan that ended in 1955 was so successful that Congress political leaders and economic experts were forced to promise something bigger and better for the second plan—which was to be announced shortly before the elections. As a result, an ambitious plan was announced with a very considerable financial gap to be filled by "loans and credits from abroad."

For a time, in 1957, it looked as though these loans and credits were not going to materialize and that the plan would collapse. In desperation, the then Finance Minister T. T. Krishnamachari set off on a tour of the western capitals, while lesser figures went to Moscow. A substantial loan was arranged in Washington, and Russia made a well-publicized agreement to extend its existing credits at low interest rates.

The plan has been saved from disaster; but it is still cut to the bone, and India's progress has been sadly slowed down. Indeed, the latest cuts announced at the beginning of May were so severe that their full impact has been concealed from the Indian people for fear of a serious drop in morale. It is generally believed that it was despondency over this development which led Nehru to consider retirement.

A comparatively small extra effort by the United States, West Germany, or Britain could release the brakes and put India in the lead of the Asian industrialization race. But Britain, even after Prime Minister Macmillan's visit, had to explain that it was too poor to help. West Germany explained that it was too unpracticed in the art of lending. The United States rejected the larger loan that had been requested because the U.S. Congress was thought unlikely to approve it.

It takes capital to industrialize a country, and in a backward country like India capital can only be raised by forced loans from the masses (which is what, in differing ways, Russia did and China is now doing) or by borrowing abroad. If the Indian government were to raise money by squeezing its desperately poor peasants, it could not remain a democracy. The price of democracy is foreign loans, and India's reluctance to request them matches the West's reluctance to grant them.

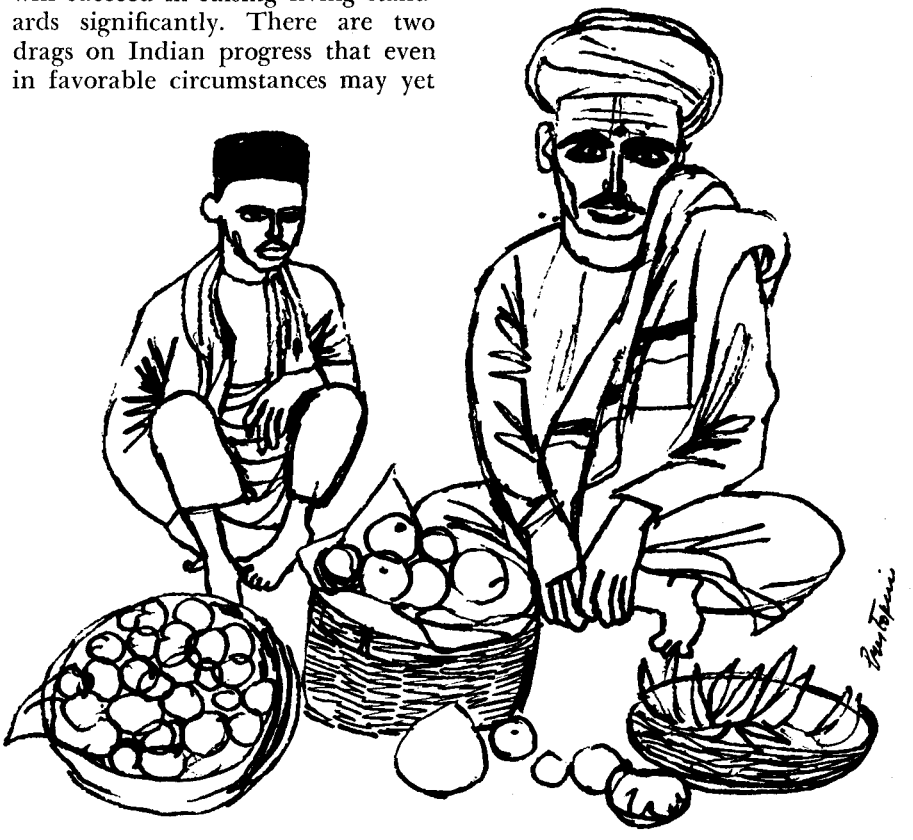
Even if the loans are forthcoming, it cannot be certain that the plan will succeed in raising living standards significantly. There are two drags on Indian progress that even in favorable circumstances may yet prevent success. One is the political problem of the quarrel with Pakistan, the other the biological problem of "population explosion."

India's Arms Race

It is not necessary to make an eight-hour speech (as Krishna Menon believes) to explain India's attitude toward Pakistan and consequently its actions over Kashmir. Pakistan, by claiming the right to create an Islamic state for those Indians who are Moslems, struck at the very root of Nehru's secular-state ideals. From that fundamental divergence, aggravated by the territorial dispute in Kashmir, two states dedicated to mutual hatred have emerged.

Within the past two years, as Pakistan has begun to receive American arms "to defend herself against Russia," India has felt bound to match those deliveries by purchases, mainly from Britain, paid for in cash. The cost is crippling and at present represents the largest single item of foreign-exchange expenditure. As long as the quarrel lasts, both countries will be sadly weakened by it, and there is not much the outside world can do about it.

But it does seem that the worst ravages of the arms race could be



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prevented, since the United States, which is at present supplying a major share of Pakistan's total military budget, has at least an equal interest in India's fate.

It is harder to see how anything can be done to solve the population problem in India, a problem that is duplicated in China. But very briefly, the problem is that India's net birth rate has become so high in the past forty years that all the quite considerable increases in production are swallowed up by the new mouths to be fed.

India is already grossly overpopulated, and though it is about one third the size of the United States, it has more than twice the population. The basic cause of Indian (indeed of Asian) poverty is simply that each family has to live on what a single acre of not very fertile ground will produce. Today the government of India spends vast sums of money on propaganda for birth control, but the results are negligible. Still, faith is pinned on the ultimate discovery of a simple contraceptive that can be produced cheaply and taken orally. This, the experts say, will change everything. Non-experts may surely be permitted a wide measure of skepticism.

THE CHANCES of success for Nehru's revolution by consent are at best only fair. Yet it seems that it is a gamble well worth the support of the West. The objectives that Nehru's government have set are basically the objectives of the western world. If it can achieve them, India will certainly become a full partner with the West—prickly and headstrong perhaps, but a living proof to all the world that a backward country can develop itself without giving up its liberties.

We must realize, however, that it does not lie in our power to ensure results; India's future lies in its own hands, not ours, though we may help or hinder. The changes in national outlook and habits which are needed in order to achieve the planned revolution are so great that the verdict of history may well be that such revolutions cannot be achieved by consent. Such a failure would be the knell of democracy in the underdeveloped two-thirds of the world.

A Talk With General Laskov

CHET HUNTLEY

MAN FOR MAN and woman for woman, the Israeli Army is probably as tough and efficient as any in the world today. What it lacks in equipment and numbers it makes up for in spirit and determination: it is an army that sings at the top of its lungs wherever it rides or marches. Its mission is not only to train men for combat but also to teach them Hebrew, provide basic education for those who do not have it, train technicians and skilled workers, and build everything from roads to agricultural settlements.

To a great extent, this army is the creation of the present chief of staff, Chaim Laskov. Unlike his predecessors, Laskov, a handsome thirty-nine-year-old six-footer, is a professional soldier. Born in Russia, he came to Palestine at the age of five, and by the time he was ten he was a runner and ammunition carrier for the Haganah. He was among the first to volunteer for service with the British in the Second World War, and he saw action in North Africa, Italy, France, Austria, Belgium, and the Netherlands. I have been told that the British used to be annoyed by his insistence that special arrangements be made to throw Jewish volunteers into the thick of any action.

In the fighting of 1948, known to the Israelis as the War of Liberation, Jewish military units in Palestine shed their semi-underground characteristics. They were no longer charged with the responsibility of defending given villages and local communities, but overnight became responsible for the protection of the whole nation. In the reorganization of the Israeli Army that followed victory, Laskov was put in charge of the training program.

GENERAL LASKOV'S aide, a twenty-year-old girl, entered the office as we were talking. She did not salute and she called him "Chaim." Laskov explained that a soldier will usually salute his officer upon the first encounter in the morning, but that one salute suffices for the rest of the day, and officers are universally addressed by their given names. The Israeli Army is equipped with all the customary instruments for authority: courts-martial, dishonorable discharges, and guardhouses. But an officer who must use them, or his rank, to elicit response from his men is "soon sacked." Laskov insists that officers must lead, not command. They must win the respect of their men; they do not acquire it automatically with their commissions. Every officer has come up through the ranks.

In the Sinai campaign of 1956, fifty per cent of the casualties were officers and noncoms. The Israelis, moving with almost incredible speed, cut through Nasser's forces and fixed defenses to take the entire Sinai Peninsula in a mere one hundred hours. Laskov told me Israeli tactics owe a great deal to Rommel and Patton. He added that his regiments can be engaged at the southern extremity of the country on a given afternoon and launch a surprise assault on the northern frontier the next morning. An unobtrusive code phrase spoken over the radio instantly mobilizes the designated reserve regiments complete with their allotment of the privately owned automobiles, trucks, and busses of the area.

Israeli girls and boys alike are inducted into the army at eighteen: the girls for two years, the boys for two and a half. They take their basic training together, learning military organization, drill, the manual and use of arms. The girls then take over the clerical jobs and most of the teaching assignments in the education program, although they may serve as drill instructors.

"We've found that the girls work a fine influence upon the men,"

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Laskov remarked. "The men behave better when the girls are around, so we keep them together as much as possible. We do separate their quarters with a good strong fence!"

Laskov's particular pride is the army's education program. The army is by far the chief agency of the nation for secondary and adult education. Newcomers from as many as seventy-three different countries have to be taught the Hebrew language, mathematics, history, and geography, along with the freedoms and the responsibilities of a democratic society. Those who have been graduated from Israel's public-school system, compulsory only until fourteen, are educated by the army for the profession or occupation they have elected and for which they reveal some aptitude. The army is the largest publisher of textbooks in Israel.

"An army is a wasteful institution," Laskov said earnestly. "We wish we didn't have to maintain one, but seeing that we do, we're determined to make it waste as little as possible. This job of education and citizenship training had to be done, and the first thing we knew we found the army doing it."

The Israeli Army performs yet another important function: it is the principal builder of roads, bridges, agricultural settlements, and reclamation projects.

LASKOV ACKNOWLEDGES that there is a marked degree of chauvinism among Israeli youth generally and in the Israeli Army in particular. But he stubbornly insists that it will never develop into militarism.

"First," he said, "the citizenry and the army are too intermingled. The officer corps is not a thing apart. Too many of our people have bitter memories of firsthand experience with militarism, and our parliament is forever raising hell with us over what little rank we do pull once in a while to get our work done."

And he added, "The test of it came at the end of 1956, when the government ordered us out of Sinai. To a man, we in the army hated to leave what we had won in a good fight, but we buttoned our lips and obeyed the government's orders. That's the way it will always be in this country."

Our Soft Sell At Brussels

MARYA MANNES

THE POINT of a World's Fair is, I suppose, to promote trade and tourism. It would be a highly expensive gesture for all concerned if it failed to do either; and the Belgians, who have paid dearly for being hosts, are not an impractical people. In the guise of a world center, which it has never been, and a festival focus, which is not in the Flemish nature, Brussels is now attracting millions who have hitherto bypassed it for Paris; and most of them will be less interested in reciprocal trade than in the artificial amalgam of nations presided over by that glittering symbol of matter, the Atomium.

For what fascinates the ordinary tourist is not the lofty concept of a world community—for my part this is singularly absent in Brussels in spite of massed flags and written legends—but the presence in one area of thirty or more separate national identities pressing for recognition. "Look at me!" the pavilions cry; "this is what I am!" The Soviet building, crammed with machines and slogans, roars, "I am Mighty!" The French one, jutting and soaring into space like some steel and glass pterodactyl, screams "I am a Great Power!" The German glass boxes, neat and passive, say "I am efficient but harmless." And the little nations content themselves by being what other people think of them. Thailand, for instance, is one small golden shrine, upturned and spiked like a dancer's fingers; and Monaco looks like a small casino, with a sailboat anchored in the pond below it.

And what of us, the Americans? Our great round building says, inside and out, "We Have Taste," surely the newest and most soft-spoken claim we have ever made. But there it is: we have. Edward Stone has made the American pavilion a joy of light and grace and air and proportion, and those responsible for its interior arrangements have taken care to extend this grace and lightness to small things and to make the atmosphere of the pavilion probably the pleasantest in the whole Fair. It does not overwhelm, it does not exhaust, it does not assault. But neither, oddly enough, does it impress. For although the building itself has a grand design, what it contains is bereft of one. Everything is American, but from it emerges no real American image. Here again is the immense irony of a nation that can sell anything but itself. Either our sales talk has been too blatant, swinging between a triumphant materialism and a complacent morality, or, as in Brussels, we whisper our merits.

But What Did It Say?

"My servants and my employees all think the Soviet pavilion is wonderful," said a Belgian businessman. "But my friends—and, of course, myself—much prefer the American. It is so full of taste." And he went on to say that the reason ordinary people—the crowds—were impressed by the Soviet pavilion was not merely because of its size and the ponderous force of its exhibits, but because everything there was plain as day. In the American pavilion they were puzzled. Oh, they liked the fashion models and the TV theater and the voting booths and the "think" machine; it was all very nice. But what did it say?

I wondered about that myself as I went from case to case and section to section. The place was full of nice ideas. There was a case showing the complete outfit of pads and guards and gear a football player wears, and a note describing him as "the modern knight in armor." There was a case full of exquisite shells from the beach at Sanibel Island. There were cases showing, with witty placement, the kind of hats we wear, from Stetson to beanie, and the kind of

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shoes, from space shoes to play shoes; there was one showing nothing but tumbleweed from the Western prairies, lit from beneath to make a luminous tracery. And there was a case, not far from it, full of Lincoln photographs from Stefan Lorant's collection.

There were panels studded with the campaign buttons we wear in election years, and hung with license plates from all the states. And there was a wide circle of screens displaying the double spreads from one day's edition of the New York Sunday *Times*. "People keep askin' me what it is," said a pretty young guide with a Georgia armband, "and ah keep tellin' 'em. But they just don't believe me! 'You mean a *week* or a *month?*' they keep sayin', and ah say, no, a *dayah's* edition!"

BUT THE EXPLANATION, in a soft voice or in small print, is not enough, it seems, to make people understand. It is not enough to pile a table with Sears catalogues, with no accompanying legend. Here was something that cried for dramatic projection: a book that caused a revolution in the country's economy and customs, and in the lives of farmers remote from the markets of cities; the gospel of mail-order living.

It is not enough to show the most modern of kitchens if no American housewife is seen in it, using the marvelous instruments, piling clothes in the washer, and taking them out of the dryer.

It is not enough to show a large panel studded with the dials we use to control our heat and our cold, our food and our laundry and our time. Who can grasp the electronic ease of our homes from a panel, or believe in the reality of motionless mannequins who sprawl in the gayest clothes in impossibly modern rooms?

And who, among the millions who do not know us, can understand the Steinberg murals, deft and satiric and delightful as they are, showing us in kind caricature? They belong on the walls of a smart restaurant or in the pages of a sophisticated magazine. The crowds in Brussels pass them in quick bewilderment, as if they had missed a private joke in a foreign language.

What they do understand is only what moves and reacts: the Telerama, the new voting booths (when will we get them ourselves?), the Brass Rail where they can buy hot dogs and sundaes, the girl guides who smile so intelligently and can speak in French and look so nice; and, of course, the models who stroll or hobble down the long, long ramp and onto the platform in the middle of the pool in the middle of the pavilion, under the round sky hole. The models are glamorous and cold (they do not smile), and the men look at their extraordinary legs, and the homely, square, gray-beige European housewives stare and sniff, and the schoolgirls sigh over the long ball gowns and giggle at the preposterous knee-high balloons. All these have effect, but there is still no design to correlate these features into an image of a people.

And what of our art? The sculpture, I would say, is in real harmony with the building and of much higher quality than the painting. Baizerman and Rozchak and Lipschitz have molded metal into stirring shapes, and Mary Callery's fountain made of turning iron wheels and twisted iron shafts plays freshly with water even if its motion is more mechanical than poetic.

A Wooden Figurehead of Justice

The paintings are another matter. I recall several attractive pictures, noting two names new to me, Lundy Siegrist and Bernard Perlin, and a considerably greater number of abstract-impressionist canvases by better-known painters that bear the distinction of being no worse and probably better than the art in the Soviet pavilion, which is unspeakably bad. If there is a choice between a gigantic chromo of happy Soviet peasants (the standard trademark of their cultural display) and a square of brazen splatters, I'll take the square. It represents at least a free expression.

In this American art section there is a long narrow case showing photographs of the artists themselves, at home and at work: a good idea that could have been infinitely more impressive if the stature of the painters and the size of the photographs had been much larger. The best of our painters were not in evidence, possibly because they are over the age limit set by our jury for art: a strange criterion indeed, which has lately been modified to include older and more established painters.

As for the folk art, maligned in advance as being a trivial part of our culture, it drew far more pleased attention from foreign visitors than the modern section. It was clear and simple and honest and free of intellectual pretensions, and with a great feeling of American roots. I remember with a start of joy a big wooden figurehead of Justice, noble and strong, which I wished had been given major prominence in the pavilion. It too had the best of America in it, and the best of its unknown creator.

Yet all these things in the pavilion, good or bad, were separate items, unrelated to any major unifying theme. They were all accessories, mostly minor, to the fact of the United States, the fact of the American people. And you could see them and appreciate them without forming any conclusion about us except, again, that we are people of taste as well as of wealth. And pleasant as that is, and new as the idea of our having taste may be to the people of Europe and Asia who have for so long thought us without it, it is not enough. We are underselling ourselves.

It is easy, of course, to arrive at a negative without advancing a positive. Any criticism of what we have done or failed to do at Brussels must include the premise of a budget which had to fight for its life against the hacking machete of John J. Rooney, a Democrat from Brooklyn who views culture as a form of perversion, and which, though ultimately granted, must still have made the pavilion a temple of frustration to those concerned with its content.

Yet a broad vision might have prevailed over limited means.

What Isn't There

The first thing I missed was the feeling produced by the Lincoln Memorial in Washington. Whatever purists may say about its neo-classicism or the literal convention of the sculpture, the great seated figure in the half-light and the words he spoke set in stone compel in all who see them a sense of homage toward this

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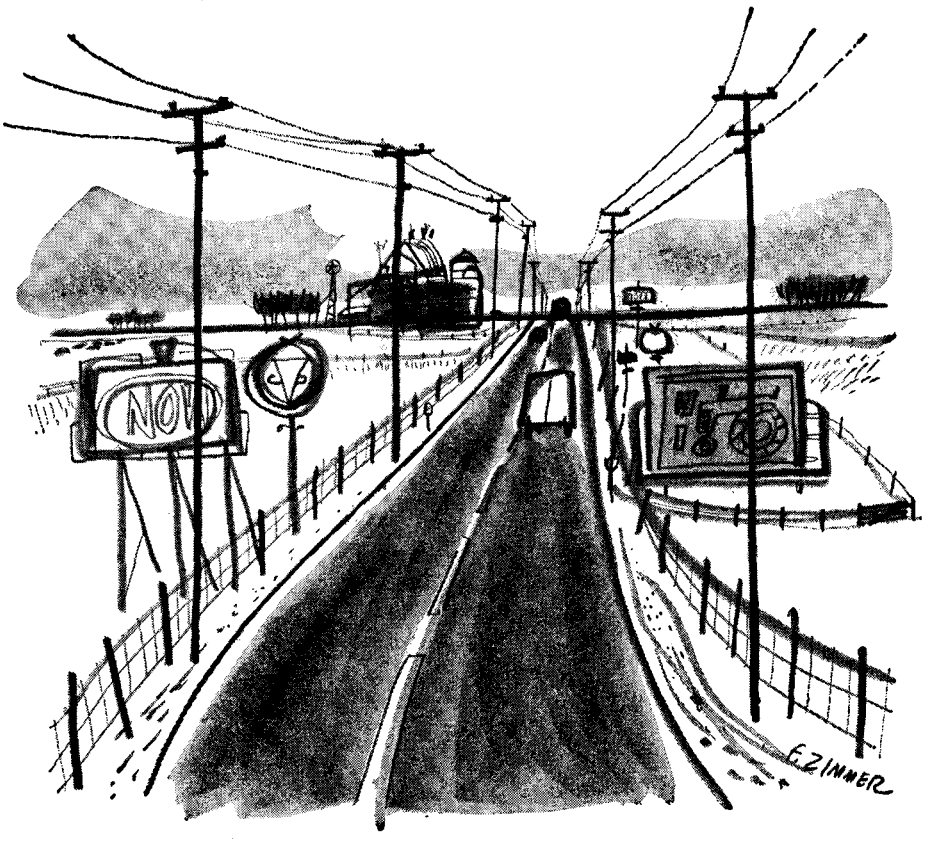
highest American reality. Obviously the Memorial could not have been reproduced in Brussels, but the pavilion deserved more than a small glass case of photographs devoted to the American most revered and most loved by most of the world's people. And I can think of other great men who could have inhabited, with him, a sort of "Book of the American Conscience" that would have made the Marxian patter of the Soviet pavilion betray its infinite sterility.

Missing too was any sense of the great breadth and sweep of the United States, and I would have liked to have seen a division of our country into East and West and North and South, to show the different textures of our lives. The West, in particular, has figured so large in the concept of America that has been impressed on other peoples that an exhibit showing, for instance, an example of the real West juxtaposed with one of the movie West might have amused the crowds as much as enlightened them. I know that a complete Western rodeo will be brought to the Fair grounds this summer, but I doubt if anything would have delighted foreign visitors to the pavilion itself more than a life-size replica of the old saloon bar-and-porch used in every Western ever made, complete with live or inanimate stock characters—particularly if they could see next to it some elements, say, of a modern cattle ranch in Wyoming.

There is no sense of change and growth at all in the pavilion, and no real sense of a great nation in the throes of transition. We are not moving forward at Brussels but standing still. And if this is indeed an honest reflection of our present condition, we have more to worry about than the exhibit itself.

I AM NOT SAYING that any of the ideas proffered here for giving dramatic reality to our past and our future would have been easily translated, or that some of them would not have been impracticable or controversial or prohibitively expensive. They are merely indications of how an American pattern might emerge and a message be communicated: an American statement as clear and whole and creative as Edward Stone's building.



Hog-tied Farmers In the Corn Belt

DALE KRAMER

"CONFUSION is rife, and likely to get rifer," said Herb Ring, a good-natured forty-year-old farmer who lives on two hundred acres in Keokuk County, Iowa, in the heart of the corn and hog belt.

"We've got a perfect symbol of the agricultural confusion a few miles from here," Herb continued. "In a little town of maybe two hundred, we had an up-and-coming implement and hardware dealer. After the war he built a new store, a big one. You know what is in that store today? Corn—thousands of bushels of it. He moved the implements and hardware out and leased the space to the government for grain storage. It was the only way he could be sure of making any money."

Herb turned and pointed to a huge mound of corn corseted at the base by a tall wire-and-slat fence. "That batch is too wet to seal without mechanical drying," he said. "If I were to have it custom-dried, I still wouldn't have crib space to seal it. It has to be fed—and as soon as possible. So I breed more sows. Right now I could get a nice premium on these little pigs as feeders. Everybody wants pigs, pigs, pigs. And you know what that means: a bust next fall. Or at least a low market, with the big bust in 1959."

Herb finds himself in a dilemma. The corn, which did not dry properly in the field because of a wet autumn, would not keep well unless put through a drier. Even if he were to have it dried, which is an expensive process, he would have no place to store it because his cribs are already brimful of corn, properly dried and under government seal. Therefore he must buy more pigs to

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feed the corn to, and that means lower hog prices.

When a farmer asks for a government loan, the Commodity Credit Corporation makes sure that the corn is in good condition in a weatherproof crib, then "seals" the crib with a lock and a notice on the door. Unless the farmer pays off the loan within a year—he will do it only if the market price rises above the loan figure—the corn belongs to the government and has to be moved to warehouses. The CCC's own galvanized warehouse bins clustered over the prairies have long since been filled with last year's corn, and new makeshift facilities are being rented.

'Just Boring Crazy'

Although a man who signed up this year in the acreage-allotment program can get a loan of around $1.35 a bushel, only about thirty per cent of the corn farmers reduced acreage, and a fairly small portion of these cut all the way down to their allotments. It was mostly poor land that was taken out of production. The farmers with better land figured they would lose money under allotments or the acreage reserve of the soil bank. A man who was not in the program—a "non-complier"—can get a loan of about $1.10 a bushel. Herb, being typical, is a non-complier.

A year ago, at election time, Secretary Benson fixed the compliance loan higher than anyone expected him to, at $1.50 a bushel. And then, against his stated principles, he made loans on non-compliance corn at $1.25 a bushel. He swore he'd never do that again. But he did, merely lowering the rate. If he hadn't, corn would be selling for fifty cents a bushel, or even less. Right now a man can buy fairly good corn at eighty cents, and for wet corn he can almost name his own price. This is the surplus's surplus—corn for which there aren't enough on-the-farm cribs and which the growers can't possibly use. Many a farmer who harvested his biggest crop ever but who has plenty of good cribs is using feed corn purchased from a neighbor who lacks bin space.

"It's crazy," Herb says, "but it's just boring crazy. Same as with Benson. I'm awfully bored with Benson, like everybody else. At first we cussed him, then we watched with our jaws hanging open to see just how fantastic the man could get. When Benson came on television with a remark about how wonderfully well farmers are getting along, we hit the ceiling. But otherwise most of us are so sick of the fellow we wouldn't bother to heave an egg at him."

Herb's boredom-with-Benson feeling reflects a widespread defeatist attitude among farmers. Back in the winter of 1955-1956 Herb got a bad scare. He thought it entirely possible that he would lose his farm in another few years. The price of hogs had dropped with a thud to ten cents a pound, or well under fifty per cent of parity. Instead of clearing a couple of thousand dollars on his hogs, Herb would lose that amount. Beef was down, too. Yet prices of things farmers had to buy continued to rise sharply.

Then to the surprise of everybody, including themselves, and especially of Benson and his advisers, farmers staged a sudden political revolt. They gathered by the thousands in county-sale pavilions and thundered applause as Iowa's patriarchial ex-governor Dan Turner and other speakers for the hastily gotten up National Farm Organization heaped abuse on Benson and even on President Eisenhower. The N.F.O. spread across Iowa and into neighboring states, recalling the Granger tide of the 1870's. In Herb's county, for example, three-quarters of all the farmers joined.

Mr. Benson let it be known that in denouncing a "soil bank" he had meant a bad proposal with which Democrats hoped to injure the farmers. President Eisenhower, it seemed, had in mind a *good* soil bank worth perhaps a billion dollars to farmers. Congress enacted it. By late 1956 cash was flowing into the farm regions. The hog market had been bolstered to some degree by government purchases. Commodity loans were set at higher levels than Benson had said they would be, and the non-compliance loans were a minor windfall.

A Farmer's Balance Sheet

In 1956 Herb had been farming for ten years, since coming home from the war. He held title to 160 acres and rented forty more. His investment in land was $34,000 and in machinery and livestock $20,000. He still owed $18,700 on the land and $11,000 on the chattels—about average.

In 1946, Herb's net profit was $2,800—in addition to the $45 a week he allowed himself as wages. Out of the wage-and-profit income he paid mortgage principal and interest. The net rose steadily through 1951, to more than $4,000. Then it

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turned downward. In 1952 and 1953 it was slightly more than $3,000; in 1954, slightly less. Low hog prices in the fall of 1955 put him in the red for the year.

The soil bank and other government measures made things look better in 1956, yet Herb couldn't avoid borrowing $5,000. Out of that he paid a couple of thousand of principal and interest, a thousand for operating expenses, a few hundred in doctor and hospital expenses for his third child, and made a substantial down payment on a new Chevrolet to replace the one he had been driving for seven years. Hog prices in the fall were a little better, around fifteen cents a pound, and with his soil-bank money he was able to show a net profit of $1,800, or almost enough to meet his principal-and-interest payment.

A few weeks ago Herb finished work on his 1957 books. The price of hogs had risen unexpectedly, occasionally topping twenty cents. This allowed an adequate profit margin because there was plenty of cheap corn. Beef prices were fairly good, too. Herb's net was $2,100—about halfway between his low of 1955 and his pre-Korean War peak in 1949.

"EVERY livestock farmer knows," Herb told me, "that hog prices will be lower next fall and winter. They *have* to be, since hog numbers will be up."

Herb knows that the number of hogs will be higher because the Agriculture Department's forecast of spring breeding intentions, based on a poll taken a few months ago, showed a rise of six per cent over last year. The bumper corn crop, together with the heavy supply of wet corn, leads some observers to believe that farmers will increase production even above the six per cent figure.

All farm programs, of course, have been designed to keep supplies in reasonable balance with demand. The corn allotments, for example, were designed to regulate livestock production, since it is a basic law of agricultural economics that livestock numbers follow the feed supply up and down. For cotton, wheat, tobacco, and some other crops, the allotments bear more directly on marketing. The soil bank is merely another name for the old measures with a few new trimmings.

Because the Supreme Court has ruled that farmers cannot be compelled to co-operate in production regulation, cash inducements must be relied on for producer co-operation. Besides payments for taking land out of production, the main inducement has been eligibility for loans, which in recent years has in effect meant permission to sell to the government at above-market prices. Even more important is the fact that the size of the loan regulates the level of the market.

'Benson Makes Us Look Greedy'

The argument for high price supports is that they bring greater compliance, thereby reducing surpluses, and they hold prices at a higher level. The argument for "flexible" supports—as in the Eisenhower-Benson program—is that when farmers find a surplus of some crop depressing the market, they will automatically cut back production. Though well below market level, these flexible supports function as a kind of safety net. The $1.10 non-compliance loan, for example, prevents corn from dropping to half a dollar.

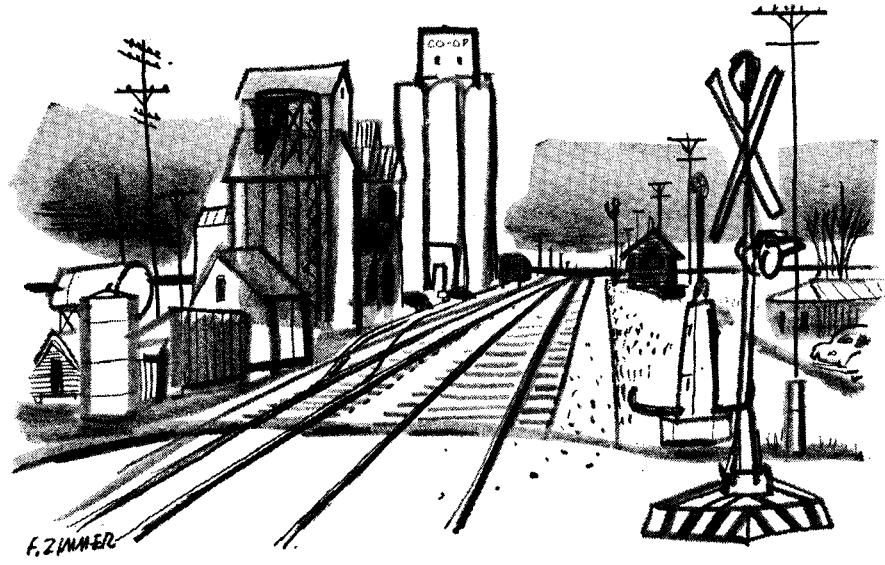
"The way Benson whipped us," Herb went on, "and keeps whipping us is by making us look greedier than we are. To the city man and especially the city housewife it looks as though in asking high supports we are yelling for guaranteed high prices. They can't understand that the high supports are mostly to get a big compliance. When Benson lowered supports, compliance went down and the surpluses increased. You might argue, of course, that the automatic cutback did work after the big hog bust."

Farmers did cut back hog production after the 1955-1956 fall and winter debacle. Part of the reason was a short corn crop owing to drought. Yet a part of the cutback indubitably was caused by the low hog prices. The terrible cost—a year of working for less than nothing—makes Herb shudder whenever he thinks about it.

A gain in 1955 hog numbers of only nine per cent over 1954 had been responsible for the market collapse. Now a six per cent increase has been forecast. Aren't farmers stupid to raise that figure by breeding more sows and buying feeder pigs?

"Let's take a closer look," Herb said. "Suppose we could get all the hog producers in the country together. We'd know that by cutting production ten per cent we'd all be richer. We'd agreed to do it. How many would rush back home and break the agreement, hoping to clean up? Plenty. But no more than in any other group in such a deal.

"So we can't get them all together. No chance. So what am I to do? I have this corn. It'll spoil if not fed soon. If I sell my own surplus I know it'll go into somebody else's hogs. I could buy some more beef



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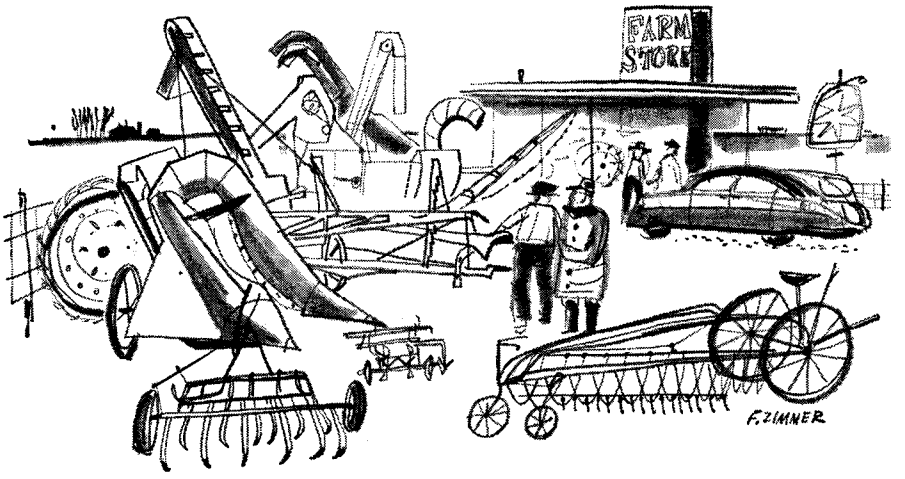
cattle to fatten. But the same thing is working—prices on feeder stock are way too high. So I can only gamble that hog prices won't go down too far. Now don't ask me why there's a vast deluge of feed—far more than a good crop year is any reason for. I'm bored with Benson. Still, I might get overexcited and it wouldn't be good for me."



The Search Goes On

It is hard to understand how Benson ever expected to reduce feed by allowing acres taken out of wheat and cotton to be planted in corn and other feeds. Last year he allowed even the acres taken out of corn to be planted in grain sorghum, an almost equally good livestock feed. It is a fact that the 1956 non-compliance corn supports helped maintain President Eisenhower's Midwestern political strength, and the 1957 loans have smothered outbursts such as occurred two years ago. Yet the anticipation of non-compliance supports was largely responsible for the poor showing in the soil bank and other acreage-reduction programs.

"Speaking of confusion," Herb said, laughing, "the other night a fellow slept in the hallway outside the door of the county soil-bank office to be first in line to sign up."

The seeming contradiction is fairly easy to explain. In the last session of Congress, Benson asked less money for soil-bank acreage-reserve payments. This was broken up into county allotments. When it became apparent that the allotments were not going to be sufficient, panicky farmers rushed to the local offices. As many as two hundred in a county, many with excellent records of co-operation, lost the race. Immediately cries went up for appropriation of more funds.

It wasn't so much that more farmers wanted to join the soil bank as a desire of individuals to put a greater portion of their land in. Many do not care whether they raise any corn next year or not. Either they have enough or expect to buy it more cheaply than they can raise it. If there is another big crop, Benson can be depended on, they say, to lower non-compliance supports—if he puts any on at all—and the price will be well under this year's. In case of drought, the soil-bank money will be insurance.

In four states—Nebraska, Illinois, Tennessee, and Maine—Benson asked farmers to make bids to put their whole farms into the soil bank for five or ten years. About twelve per cent of all Nebraska crop land was offered—far more than expected. There was oversubscription in other states, too. Suddenly Benson called off the whole deal, with the excuse that the bids had all run too high.

IT IS HARD to say whether confusion is more rife in the Farm Belt or in Congress. In his farm measure the President asked that price supports on wheat, corn, rice, peanuts, tobacco, and dairy products be dropped from seventy-five per cent of parity to sixty per cent. Over-all parity is now around eighty-one per cent. For corn he urged the abolition of all acreage controls and wants most soil-bank payments discontinued after 1958. The bill that Congress sent to President Eisenhower, and which he vetoed on March 31, provided for a year's freeze of farm price supports at 1957 levels.

Independent farm spokesmen—for example *Capper's Farmer* and *Wallace's Farmer*—are pretty well agreed that the President's program would cut farm income by no less than one-fourth. Therefore it is hardly surprising that Farm Belt Republican members of Congress are just as upset and angry as the Democrats. For example, Senator Thye of Minnesota, who is up for re-election this year, gave Benson a rougher time before the Senate Agriculture Committee than anybody else.

At a House Agriculture subcommittee meeting a quarrel arose over the issue of "production payments," a term that received its widest usage in connection with the plan put forward by Charles Brannan when he was Secretary of Agriculture in Truman's administration. Under the production-payment system, if a product brings below a given price in the market, the difference is made up by direct government payment to the producer. Wool, a product of Benson's home region, is supported by production payments, and a large number of Middle Western farmers have long favored production payments for livestock. More recently, wheat and especially cotton farmers are viewing them favorably.

NOT LONG AGO *U. S. News & World Report* said that polls taken in the Midwest show political sentiment not unlike that of 1932, when an upheaval brought to Congress a fresh set of members willing to apply strong measures to the farm problem. The Des Moines *Register* conducted its own poll recently, asking farmers which party they believed would do more for them economically. The results were striking: forty-nine per cent chose the Democratic Party and only thirteen per cent the Republican. Even allowing for the uncertainty of poll information, this is bad news for the Republicans in an election year. The search for a farm program goes on; in the meantime, the farmers' moods will swing between anger and boredom.

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Van Cliburn In the U.S.S.R.

ABRAM CHASINS

NOT ONE American in ten thousand had ever heard of Van Cliburn until he won the first prize of the Tchaikovsky Piano Competition in Moscow—despite the fact that in his own country and at the age of nineteen he had already won an artistic recognition at least comparable with the Soviet award that catapulted him to world fame. And before that recognition, he had come through the fire and brimstone of five other exacting competitions. After it, for two seasons, he played many engagements, major and minor, always with distinction and to critical approval. Then his career began to lose momentum. To put it bluntly, it was almost at a standstill.

It is this one fact that lends at least a shred of validity to Shostakovich's shocking statement that "this outstanding young American artist earned his first wide and entirely deserved recognition among us here in Moscow." That's not true, but it contains enough truth to hurt, and the joy one felt over Cliburn's victory is beginning to turn into smoldering resentment as the Russians claim still another "discovery" and Americans bolster those pretensions with wide-eyed questions: "Is this boy really good? What has he done? Where has be been? How is it we never heard about him?"

Listen, friends, the Russians didn't discover Van Cliburn. They merely embraced enthusiastically what we as a nation regard listlessly and relinquish casually, what their people value and our people ignore. Until a few weeks ago, Van Cliburn's career had followed a pattern all too familiar to the very best American artistic talent. In short, his great gift (a gift that had already been fully acknowledged in this country by those in the music world) was on the point of becoming just another casualty of our publicity-enslaved cultural callousness. Then, in the nick of time, came the venturous trek to Moscow. The rest we all know. But let me tell it from my personal experience, from the beginning.

The Modest Texan

The Van Cliburn story began to unfold for me over ten years ago

when my wife, pianist Constance Keene, returned from a concert tour and spoke of a remarkable boy whose talent was being splendidly developed by his mother, a piano teacher in Kilgore, Texas. Two years later, backstage after a Dallas concert, my wife again saw the Cliburn family, who reported happily that Van had already won appearances with the Houston and Dallas orchestras.

In 1952, we both served on the jury for the Chopin Prize, a one-thousand-dollar-for-study award offered by the Kosciuszko Foundation of New York. When a blond, curly-haired six-footer went to the piano, my wife whispered, "That's the boy from Kilgore." Van played. We listened. He conquered, so completely that the third member of the jury, an eminently relentless judge, said, "What does he want money to study for? He's already an artist." Indeed he was, although his forte was exciting virtuosity rather than profundity or expressivity; but this, after all, was entirely natural and healthy in a boy of seventeen. What was less characteristic in a youngster of our day and age was Van's interest in his art as well as in his career—his genuine realization that he had much to learn, precisely those things which are learned only through study and reflection and practice rather than through public performance. This attitude was undoubtedly inculcated by his wise mother, whose artistic ideals had been selflessly demonstrated a few months previously when she had sent Van to study with Rosina Lhevinne at the Juilliard School.

The modesty of that move was evident. Its wisdom was musically substantiated when Van appeared as a contestant for the 1954 award of the Leventritt International Competition. It was my honor to be chairman of that jury, which included Rudolf Serkin, Dimitri Mitropoulos, George Szell, Leonard Bernstein, Eugene Istomin, Leopold Mannes, Nadia Reisenberg, and Arthur Judson—as implacable a jury as one could find anywhere to judge a pianist.

During the week of auditions, we had heard several impressive talents, many outstanding performances. But when Van finished playing, no one had any doubts about who the winner would be. And along with the headlong virtuosity had come a more poetic temperament, a richer and more integrated personality. The significance of his victory, certainly no less an artistic victory than the one he has just won in Moscow, is underlined by the fact that the Leventritt jury had met year after year to hear many gifted young musicians from many nations but had not awarded a prize since 1949, when Gary Graffman received the hard-won reward.

THE PRESS announcement of this competition, like all those in its nineteen-year history, was pruned down to a sentence or two, tucked away in the musical miscellany columns of one or two of the best New York papers. Back in 1954 Van

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Cliburn's newsworthy capture of America's top performance award was acknowledged by a few paragraphs in a few papers without so much as a picture, the casual treatment accorded those before and after who have won similar distinction. The 1957 winner, Anton Kuerti ("Who's he?"), was dismissed in one paragraph by the foremost New York daily, without even mention of a jury whose names would have informed its readers of the stringency of the test and the magnitude of the accomplishment. When Van won, to be sure, the jury was mentioned, but the award was said to entitle him "to appear as soloist with the Philharmonic Symphony during the 1954-55 season." The paper did not reveal (nor ever has, to my knowledge) the pertinent fact that the Leventritt award also carries appearances with the orchestras of Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, and Denver.

Furthermore, nearly everyone, including the press, has generally assumed that the auditions are private. The preliminaries are, but the finals are held in the ostentatious "privacy" of either Carnegie or Town Hall. It rather amuses me to recall the day Van played on and on—and free for nothing—before some thirty people in the hall, including all the eliminated contestants, and now to hear the anguished cries of the thousands who can't buy seats for love or money.

Pianists Are Like Prophets

Ah well, that's always the way. But maybe it will be less so from now on. Maybe we needed something like this to wake us up. It also gives me a chuckle to recall the concert managers who cross the ocean each year to "scout talent" but who have rarely had the time or interest to cross Fifty-seventh Street. Only Arthur Judson was there, more in the role of the Philharmonic's manager than as a talent scout. But it can be chalked up to his sagacity that the best of the Leventritt winners have landed in his stable.

That's how Van won not only the 1954 Leventritt award and the orchestral engagements it provided but also a managerial contract from Judson, O'Neill and Judd. A recording contract? Oh no. "One great company," said Van, "banged the door in my face." So did all the others he approached except one, which said, "Let's wait and see."

After his Philharmonic debut in a concert that was broadcast coast

to coast, he toured widely until 1956. His level of performance was high, he received excellent notices, and he was growing in his art. But that's not enough to create a big-time career in our country. The prospects for the following year, 1957, began to look less promising. Besides, his draft board was beckoning.

At about this time, I invited him to appear in a series of radio recitals over WQXR. Unable to accept because of his uncertain military status and yet hating to decline the opportunity to play, Van seemed disheartened about everything. Shortly thereafter the Army rejected him. But then his mother fell ill, and Van returned to Kilgore to take over her teaching class.

Several months ago, Mme. Lhevinne called me on the telephone to ask, "What would you think of Van going to Moscow for the Tschaikovsky Competition?" I knew what *that* meant. In our musical world, perennial competitors acquire the stigma of non-professionalism. No one whose future was assured would ever dream of entering a competition. And yet more and more critics were beginning to scorn the outrageous indifference of our musical institutions and merchants, who compel some of our finest talents to go abroad in search of the foothold that is denied them at home. With this in mind, I answered Mme. Lhevinne, "Why not? What has Van got to lose?"—which will forever remain the understatement of my entire musical life. "Now," she said, "we have to find the money to get him over."

THAT NIGHT I found myself at a dinner near a member of the White House Palace Guard. "When you find the time," I whispered, "I have an idea you might want to pass on to the President. I think it could write his name large in our cultural history." The gentleman's eyebrows exhibited interest. Actually, I had several ideas. I still have, though one of them is a bit late—the suggestion that the President find a few dollars of the taxpayers' money with which to invite five or six young soloists (including Van) who were available and brilliantly able to represent us at competitions abroad. It seemed to me that none of them could fail to win at least esteem and affection. The time seemed propitious to reply to the political propaganda that portrays us as money-grubbing illiterates, to say nothing of the bolstering effect on the morale of these youngsters. I have not yet submitted my ideas. I have, however, acquired a collection of gracious notes on handsome White House stationery which has gained me a new respect from my secretary. Their contents are a set of variations on the theme "I'm looking forward to our chat. We *must* get together when both of us have an hour."

It was not Cliburn's government that made it possible for him to go to Moscow. Nor was it his management. It was the foundation named for Martha Baird Rockefeller, herself a professional pianist at one time, which enabled Van Cliburn to win unprecedented honor for himself and his country. Fortunately for us, there are a few organizations and many enlightened individuals who bestow concern upon those talented by nature, and who believe that the finest artistic expressions of the human spirit can contribute both to mankind's concord and to its security.

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This concept lives within many of our citizens. It has been waiting to be discovered by our leaders. Now they have discovered Van Cliburn, and we are about to test the responsive power of our people exposed for the first time to the spectacle of an artist greeted with all the fanfare of a conquering hero, hailed by a ticker-tape reception, and invited by the President to the White House.

After the Applause

Although it remained for the Soviet press, its Ministry of Culture ("What's *that*?"), and its politicians to teach us that an artistic achievement is a mighty achievement, the resultant response from our highest echelons of government may be a heartening sign of the American capacity to learn. It is to be hoped that Van Cliburn is being honored here not because Khrushchev & Co. so honored him, not because Deputy Premier Mikoyan said he had "done better than the politicians," but because of his musical mastery and personal integrity, which have won a new respect for Americans everywhere.

His is a great accomplishment. And now his is a great opportunity and responsibility. He is in an ideal position, as a symbol of our cultural maturity, to impress upon the official representatives of the mightiest democracy on earth the vital need for a long-delayed recognition and representation of our cultural life within government itself. We have a Department of Agriculture. How about a Department of Culture? We have a Secretary of Commerce. Who's attending to our commerce in ideas?

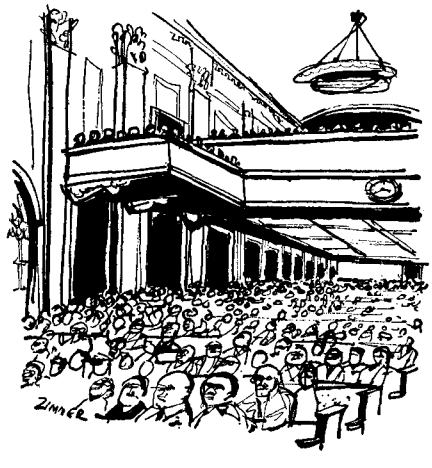
ALL OF THIS and more, it seems to me, suddenly looms as entirely possible, if only because as a nation we are so absurdly ambivalent, so resilient and so stubborn, so brilliant and so naïve, so materialistic and so sentimental. With us it is always everything or nothing. Here we are again in the ceremony of winner-take-all, the American spirit that puts a man on top or no place at all.

It will not lessen Cliburn's stature for us to realize that the day before his great victory, he was, in professional terms, exactly where most of the best American talent is today—struggling to gain or to hold what he had rightfully earned, hoping for the simple opportunity to do his work, to make a living at it, and to develop both in his art and in his career. Artistically, he was a supreme representative of the American standards that have produced musicians of the first caliber year after year, musicians who could make us proud anywhere, who deserve and could make full use of the finest opportunities.

Is it not reasonable that a climate which can produce such artists should also be able to appreciate them? And not only to appreciate them but also anxious to recognize them as vital and precious resources that must not be squandered recklessly? Besides winning an artistic and political triumph, Van Cliburn has ignited a new consciousness that arouses my hope and optimism.

When a country shows the incredible elasticity of spirit that overnight moves us to treat one music idol as though he were a movie idol, I believe it could also convert the rest of its intellectual expendables into heroes and heroines. I think a Cultural Council or Secretary of the Arts or what-have-you would help to convince our people that those artists who are currently living a pretty rough existence in the pursuit of the true and the beautiful are worthy of our highest respect. In the long run, after all, it is what a people respect that determines their attitudes and actions.

Perhaps some annual Congressional scrolls and Presidential awards wouldn't hurt either, to glamorize our artists and thinkers, our creators and interpreters, our poets and historians. The international good will that Cliburn's playing aroused, the sheer human quality of his success, the ensuing hoopla he has kindled—all should go far to fire our imaginations, to stir our pride, to strengthen our confidence in our own judgment, and to eradicate once and for all the provincial view of art as a peculiar phenomenon unrelated to our everyday life.



Responsibilities of the Press

Until quite recently, and except for a few distinguished figures on a few distinguished papers and periodicals, the nation's press has shared this provinciality about art. Its primary function is always to inform, and adequately, whether a newsworthy event or personality emerges in Moscow, or New York, or Timbuktu. But an alert and cognizant press, unsusceptible to fashion and press-agentry, can do more than report and comment; it can also discover artistic merit and provide the unpurchasable publicity that narrows the gap between inflated promotion and intrinsic value. It not only can inform the art lover but also help the artist to feel that what he does is not being done in a vacuum, that outstanding cultural achievement is of interest and concern and significance to us all.

THE DRAMATIC RETURN of Van Cliburn to an applauding nation can portend, it seems to me, the birth of a new social and artistic order. The papers tell us that Van Cliburn has been enjoying standing ovations in the U.S.S.R. while the Moiseyev Dance Company is being cheered in the U.S.A. A further item states that the ticket demand for the Moscow dancers at Madison Square Garden is the largest in that athletic arena's entire history. This is no news to the Russians. But it is news to us that admission to the concerts of one Van Cliburn from Texas was taken as a sign of social prestige and influence in Moscow. And it is the biggest news yet in our artistic history that neither social prestige nor any speculator can pry loose a seat for the concerts of an American concert pianist in his own country.

Folks, I think we're going places at last.

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The Moiseyev Dancers In the U.S.A.

DON HOGAN

THE OTHER MORNING the doors of the Metropolitan Opera House were wide open to the fresh air of spring. On stage a boy and girl were rehearsing a single glance. Igor Moiseyev, their director, was standing next to them. He was working with the girl. She had just met the young man and they had strolled apart from the others. Now, with her head turned away from him and shielded by her arm, she knew she would give her love away if she so much as let him see her face. She was afraid he would not return her love. Slowly, her face quizzical at first, then half smiling and only half afraid, she lifted her head and caught his eyes. They broke into enraptured smiles and with their arms reaching but motionless they let their feet beat as wantonly as their hearts to the finish of the dance.

When Moiseyev Shouts 'Give!'

Ingenuousness is one of the two principal things the Moiseyev Dance Company of Moscow has to offer us. The other is virility. The men are built short and fast with the rippling muscles and taut grace of quarterbacks. The girls, all forty-eight of them, are full-blown and corn-fed. Moiseyev himself looks like a football coach, square-built with a rugged face and soft but aggressive voice.

After the opening, Mikhail A. Menshikov, Soviet ambassador to the United States, went backstage to congratulate the cast. "Tonight all of you were ambassadors," he told the dancers. "I thank you from the bottom of my heart. You were marvelous." The cast applauded politely. Moiseyev stepped into the circle. "Thank *you*," he said to the ambassador. "Tomorrow we will be better." The cast roared.

The next morning at ten they were back in the opera house. The program of thirteen dances is the same every night throughout the tour. Yet every day, from 10 A.M. to 2 P.M., they rehearse. The drills are led by Lev Golovanov and Tamara Zeifert (Mrs. Igor Moiseyev), Honored Artists of the Soviet Union. For the actual rehearsals Moiseyev himself takes charge.

The girls tuck their practice skirts into the tops of their stockings for more freedom and tie their hair in bows. The men massage their legs through their black sweat pants, bounce across the floor in deep knee bends, and everybody shouts encouragement to everybody else. They get the beat by thumping on their wardrobe trunks—aluminum ammunition cases the United States had sent to Russia loaded with cartridges during the war.

Then Moiseyev shouts "Give!"; the three accordionists run their fingers into music, and a stage full of dancers bursts into the lyrics of youth.

If a girl is going to run from a man she grabs her skirt and runs. If a man is going to impress the girls, he struts and leaps and thumps the floor and squats to kick the *prisyadka* until a peacock would fold its tail and steal away outclassed.

THE COMMON LANGUAGE of the dances is the language of the unsophisticated. The stories are the basic stories of uncomplicated, enthusiastic men and women in love, at work, at war. The Partisans, the starkest dance presented in the tour, describes the horses, the irregular troops, the comradeship of fighting in the Caucasus against the Germans in the Second World War. It is told entirely in heroic, even chauvinistic terms, of the sort in which men must believe before they can die well for a cause. One of the principals in this vignette is a bearded man who dances the role of a Partisan scout. It is his only appearance on stage. The battle won, he returns to his last—for except during this one dance, he serves as the company shoemaker.

On stage the pace is so furious at times that when the performers reach the wings they suck their cheeks for water and heave their chests for air.

In 1936 a nation-wide folk-dance festival was held in Moscow as part of a program that was aimed at fostering the national identity of the various republics—culturally if not politically. Among those who witnessed it was Moiseyev, born in Kiev in 1906, who at thirty was a leading dancer and ballet master at the Bolshoi Theater. He suggested a national folk-dance company. His timing was excellent, and the State Folk Dance Ensemble of the Soviet Union, with I. Moiseyev as director, was born.

The next year his company, thirty dancers, the cream of the amateurs, gave its first performance, consisting of three dances, in Moscow. Since that time the company has grown to a troupe of one hundred with a repertory of 160 dances; it has been seen by more than seven million persons in three thousand performances; its name has been changed to the Moiseyev Dance Company; Moiseyev himself has received three medals from the Soviet government; and a special school, a division of the Bolshoi School of Ballet, has been created to train his dancers from the time they walk.

Moiseyev and his staff in countless trips throughout the Soviet Union visited and studied folk dancing with each of the 180 ethnic groups that make up the Union. But not only did Moiseyev collect and preserve these dances as separate cultural entities to be performed professionally and thus gratify the contributing group; he also extracted characteristic steps and postures from which he subsequently worked out the choreography for his own dances set to folk music. In almost every case, even where he uses a ready-made folk dance, he has refined its movements and interspersed his own transitions and variations, so that the final product is no more or less folk dancing than the music of Tchaikovsky or Borodin or Rimski-Korsakov is folk music.

This is the first time the United States and the Soviet Union have

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embarked seriously on a program of cultural exchanges. The current exchange is of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra for the Moiseyev Dance Company, the largest group of Russian performers ever to visit this country.

President Eisenhower, at the suggestion of the National Security Council, approved the idea of cultural exchanges in June, 1956. A month later the veteran impresario Sol Hurok (who was born in the Ukraine) was in Moscow signing up everyone in sight. On September 11, 1957, Congress lifted the fingerprint clause at which Russia had balked, and on January 27, 1958, a cultural exchange agreement was signed between the two countries. Nine weeks later the Moiseyev Dance Company landed at Idlewild Airport. Their tour includes visits to Montreal, Toronto, Detroit, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, St. Louis, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Boston, and Washington. Their final appearances will be at Madison Square Garden at the end of June.

FROM the earliest moments of their arrival it was plain that the interpreters they brought with them exerted extraordinary control over what they did. The requests of their ballet masters and even of Moiseyev himself were carried out willingly but with considerable chatter. But at a request from an interpreter the dancers obeyed immediately and silently. The photographers herded the girls toward a Times Square shop window filled with blouses and dresses. The interpreter vetoed the picture lest it be captioned something like "Russian Girls Gawk at Bountiful Supply of Clothing in American Stores" (which was entirely possible and half true), and the dancers leapt back from the window as though it were wired with electricity. A few minutes later several of the girls were torn between laughter and shock when a photographer, scrambling down from a parapet, used the head of an interpreter to steady himself. The interpreter flinched, then apparently resigned himself to the indomitability of New York photographers and laughed. The girls let themselves go in relief and the photographer shouted, "Now that's what I call a smile," and proceeded to take another picture.

After a few weeks in the city the control of the interpreters appeared to relax until it seemed rather like the protective bustling of nuns chaperoning a delegation of convent girls on a tour of Times Square. In their wanderings through the city the dancers appeared nonplused. They had a habit of crossing Times Square against the lights without looking. One group was rocked on its heels when a woman in cat's-eye dark glasses, cigarette holder, green slacks, and red sweater strolled through their hotel lobby carrying a Pekingese under her arm.

'Big Eaters,' 'Plenty Moxie'

Next to the Hotel Claridge on Times Square where they stayed in New York, is Hector's, a neon-and-chrome cafeteria where they can point to what they want. It has become their favorite eating place (average breakfast, girl or boy: omelette, fried potatoes, toast, fruit, Danish pastry, orange juice, and milk). The cashier had noticed them. "Big eaters," he said, but thought they were "Hungarians or something." He said many did not know about American money but held out a handful of bills with their checks. "This," he observed, "is a foolish thing to do in Times Square," but he added hastily, "I'm not the type to take advantage."

George Patterson, head bartender at the Hotel Claridge, laid in an extra stock of vodka when he heard they were coming. "But you know," he said, "they're standoffish. They hardly come in for a drink.

"One night there's one of them comes in lays down two nickels on the bar for beer. Forty-five cents, I tell him, and you know, he picks up the nickels and walks out. They got plenty ego, you know, plenty moxie. They're real polite, though, and well-behaved. I'll tell you that. The maids tell me the rooms are clean as a whistle. A couple of them had a go with the manager. They wanted chess sets sent up to the room and of course he ain't got any chess sets. 'Buy them,' he says, and they says, 'All hotel's got chess,' but he didn't buy them none.

"I'll tell you, though, Radio City got them. The night when they went there you've never seen so many smiles as when they come back. I guess they don't trust us no more than we trust them."

ONE MORNING I went to a rehearsal with a friend who speaks Russian. For a long time the friend listened without revealing that she knew the language. The dancers were talking about the filth of the Metropolitan's dressing rooms, the poor condition of the stage, what to do about their feet (which were swelling in the climate), who was in love with whom, and where to buy nylons cheaply. Using a combination of French, English, and mispronounced Russian, I interviewed one of the girls.

She said she was twenty-nine (she looked nineteen), was married to a sculptor, and had a child at home whom she missed. "Who takes care of the baby when you both work?" "We have a *nanya*." Another dancer who had been listening shot a stream of Russian at the girl. Later this was translated, "Like hell, your mother-in-law comes to sit."

A male dancer was asked if he would get any money to spend in New York. "I expect at least a thousand dollars," he said. Another dancer laughed and said in Russian, "When you get it let me know." On poll, the dancers appear to receive from eight to twenty dollars a day for meals and purchases, depending on their standing with the company. The hotel bills are sent to Hurok's office.

The Administration's Theory . . .

W. Paul O'Neill, Jr., the Foreign Service officer in charge of the dance troupe for the East-West Contacts Staff of the Department of State, said he does not expect to see the performance until the company reaches Washington. His only overt action has been to arrange visas. Frederick T. Merrill, director of the East-West Staff, did come to New York for the première, which has been the only contact with the State Department since the troupe arrived.

"The administration's theory is that private enterprise should handle the whole thing," Mr. O'Neill said. Mr. Hurok has assured us, he said, that the troupe will see more of the country than the insides of theaters and hotels. The State Department,

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however, has not requested any municipalities to take cognizance of the dance troupe's presence, and Mayor Wagner's foreign policy, set when he chose to snub King Saud when he arrived in New York at the invitation of President Eisenhower, has not changed. William Peer, the mayor's press secretary, did concede, however, that he had seen the company "on Bob Hope's television show from Moscow" and thought them very good.

HUROK HIMSELF has bent every effort to keep the troupe entertained. On opening night he gave a supper party drowned in vodka, champagne, and caviar on the pink baroque St. Regis Roof. The left half of the room was taken by first-night guests, the right half by the troupe. They came into the party to *Pomp and Circumstance* and a standing ovation. Immediately afterward, the room chose its sides.

The Russian girls mostly came in sweet-sixteen gowns; the men wore dark suits, tuxedo-cut but without facings. The dancers walked on the terrace to see the lights and the men took off their coats to cover the girls' shoulders.

The supper was buffet. American women circled the serving table with their husbands; the Russian men waited on their partners. A request to dance was followed by a bow. Hands were kissed; eyes lowered; everything was *"Za vashe sdorovye"* ("To your health"). The comportment of the dancers, who said that in the theater some of the old ways are preserved, outshone that of most of the Soviet U.N. and embassy staff.

It was suggested to an interpreter that some of the American women would like to dance with some of the Russian men. The dancers came in a procession to the table, bowed, and led the women to the floor. The dance over, they brought the women back, held their chairs, and bowed again. A new set of dancers came to the table. "May I have the honor?" they asked.

A few American men asked the Russian girls to dance. The orchestra played a waltz.

Then one of the interpreters clapped his hands. The dancers stopped, bowed, and left their partners stranded on the floor.

Marcel Proust: The Years of Preparation

JUSTIN O'BRIEN

MARCEL PROUST: ON ART AND LITERATURE, 1896-1919. Translated by Sylvia Townsend Warner. Greenwich Editions, published by *Meridian Books*. $6.

Long after Marcel Proust's death in 1922, his achievement remained wrapped in mystery. The more we learned about his frivolous youth, the more miraculous it seemed that he should have managed to distill that uneventful past into such a great and universally appealing novel. To be sure, chronic asthma had cut him off from society and taught him why, as he said in the preface to his first book, "invalids feel closer to their souls." But what kind of pupation had he undergone in the fumigated

atmosphere of his cork-lined room in order to emerge as one of the great writers of all time?

The first hint came from André Maurois' admirable biography, which told of the existence of unpublished notebooks moved from that room to a warehouse at the author's death. Then Bernard de Fallois collated those notes preserved by Madame Mante-Proust, the author's niece and heir, producing first the thousand-page first draft of Proust's novel, presumably written between 1896 and 1900, under the title of *Jean Santeuil*. Next he issued the present volume, known in France as *Contre Sainte-Beuve*, which, composed in 1908-1909, supplies us the missing link between *Jean Santeuil* and *Remembrance of Things Past*.

Everything that Proust ever wrote is part of the same work. As he himself said in his definitive masterpiece, "Great writers never create but a single work, or rather they consistently refract through different media a single beauty that they bring into the world." It is unthinkable that Proust—even if he had lived into his eighties as his contemporaries Claudel and Gide did, instead of dying at fifty-one—should have followed *Remembrance of Things Past* with another and different book.

Instead, he would simply have postponed the publication of the later volumes (which actually did appear posthumously) while he added new episodes and developments—just as he did when the First World War gave him a chance to add twenty-five hundred pages to what had been complete by 1913 in fifteen hundred pages. The portmanteau construction of his novel seemed designed to accommodate such additions.

'Dry Runs' in the Workroom

By the same token, everything he wrote prior to 1913, when *Swann's Way* first appeared, either found its way into the novel or went into discard as an unsatisfactory first draft, not to be consulted again. Consequently, as we look back now, we can see that from the early 1890's until about 1910 Proust was tuning up for his masterpiece.

Pleasures and Days, that youthful and precious work of 1896, contains many premonitions—in theme, characters, and style—of the mature work. Next came the two translations of Ruskin that clarified Proust's aesthetic theories, taught him much about language, and crystallized his attitudes toward life. Meanwhile, he was sharpening his skill and exercising his critical acumen by writing the delightful parodies of Balzac, Flaubert, Saint-Simon, and Renan later collected in *Pastiches et Mélanges* and chronicling social events,

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with elaborate portraits of people and costumes, for *Le Figaro.*

This much we could see thirty years ago. But it was not until the recent publication of the notebooks that we entered Proust's workroom and saw him making "dry runs" of his masterpiece. In *Jean Santeuil* (the first of those piano scores without orchestration) a third-person narration presents many of the incidents and characters of the later novel set in the already familiar

atmospheres of Proust's world: the provincial town, the gardens of the Champs-Elysées, and the elegant Faubourg Saint-Germain. But the town is not called Combray, the noble family bears an unaccustomed name and has no connection with the hero's province, and—worst of all—several central characters, such as Swann and Charlus and the Verdurins, have not yet come into being. The theme of involuntary memory is there in germ, without forming the basis of the composition, but that of a literary vocation is absent. Indeed, the admirer of Proust, as he reads *Jean Santeuil,* cannot fail to miss the apparently inevitable steps that transmuted these notes into *Remembrance of Things Past.*

But *Contre Sainte-Beuve,* which forms the greater part of *On Art and Literature,* takes many of those steps. Although purporting to be a study in literary criticism, it boldly adopts the first person, which was certainly Proust's most congenial form of narration, and starts off directly with the theory of the involuntary memory, using the most famous example of the cup of tea from which all Combray blossoms forth. (The fact that the little *madeleine* served by his mother in the later work is here a piece of toast brought by an old servant only arouses our reflections as to the art of transposition.) Then as it proceeds to other major Proustian themes, we find that the great noble family has finally acquired the name and characteristics of the Guermantes we know, together with a property not far from Combray (which now has *its* rightful name), and that it includes a homosexual Marquis de Quercy who foreshadows the Baron de Charlus and motivates a long generalization about "a race accursed," which will eventually find its place at the beginning of *Cities of the Plain.* Although Swann himself is not yet here, his daughter is, and her description reveals that Swann already existed in the author's mind.

IF THIS BOOK strikes us most significantly as another false start for *Remembrance of Things Past,* then its French title is rather a misnomer. The English novelist Sylvia Townsend Warner, who is obviously steeped in Proustian lore, has translated the volume with that rare combination of knowledge and love that should be indispensable to the translator. Often she boldly and wisely cuts one of Proust's tortuous but beautifully articulated sentences into two or three, and occasionally—as if out of sheer daring—she reverses the process and makes a single sentence out of two or three. Wherever she has changed the order of chapters, identified quotations, and supplied others that had just been hinted at by Proust, her editing is unimpeachable. Yet even she had trouble with the title. The London edition is called *By Way of Sainte-Beuve,* which has the advantage, while reminding us of Proust's two "ways," of suggesting that Sainte-Beuve is merely a pretext for getting on with the novel. The American title, on the other hand, pays more attention to the score or so of brief essays that the French editor appended to *Contre Sainte-Beuve* because he found them among the same papers.

Despite the fact that only a fourth of the volume really concerns Sainte-Beuve directly, Proust used his name in the title because the academic critic, famous for his objective and scholarly method, was his own *bête noire.* Unable to forgive him for failing to recognize the value of his contemporaries such as Balzac, Flaubert, Baudelaire, and Nerval, Proust even thought at one time of writing a history of nineteenth-century French literature according to Sainte-Beuve in which none of the names we now revere would figure prominently.

The critic's blindness, according to Proust, derived from his confusing the writer's soul with the accidental human envelope that clothed it and consequently maintaining that a poet's work can be illuminated by observing the poet and studying his biography. To Proust, on the contrary, "a book is the product of a different *self* from the self we manifest in our habits, in our social life, in our vices." Hence Sainte-Beuve, whom any French literary man constantly encounters in his path, figures for Proust as the complete Philistine. At this point in his career it was essential for him to take issue with his famous predecessor and eject him from his Pantheon while identifying himself with Sainte-Beuve's victims.

The Way of the Artist-Critic

It is also appropriate that at this point Proust should turn critic, after indulging in *pastiches* and translations as a means of forming his aesthetic credo. His beloved Baudelaire once said: "Naturally and fatally all great poets become critics." And Proust's criticism is that of the creator, highly personal and often partial, sympathetic to the point of indulgence, and abounding in flashes of insight. "Every reader reads himself," he tells us toward the end of his vast *Remembrance.* "The writer's work is merely a kind of optical instrument that makes it possible for the reader to discern what, without this book, he would perhaps never have seen in himself."

Thus the subjects of Proust's inquiry here, whether they be Balzac

or Dostoevsky, Watteau or Monet, enrich the artist-critic by helping him to find *his way.* Again and again Proust asserts the transcendence of art, the importance of vision and style (which are one and the same to him), and the equivalence of all subject matter. Chardin teaches him that a crude kitchen crock can be as beautiful as an emerald, and Rembrandt that every picture by a

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single artist reflects a fragment of his peculiar and mysterious world. This is why Chateaubriand constantly sounds for Proust the same lasting, inimitable note; why Gérard de Nerval has *his* note, too, as different from Chateaubriand's as it is from Baudelaire's. While reading or contemplating a work of art, Proust tells us, the poet enjoys a double vision, for he sees at the same time into his own mind.

It is just this double vision, in fact, that persistently draws Proust back to the project of his own novel even when he indulges in criticism. Sainte-Beuve may have been but a pretext for Proust, a way of momentarily escaping the responsibility of getting his creative work under way, yet even Sainte-Beuve leads him to his problems as a novelist. From a discussion of Balzac and the critic's lack of understanding of Balzac he rushes to an image of his own Count de Guermantes reading Balzac in the library of his palatial house, and this in turn evokes the society that frequented that house. By this time Proust is off on his own creation, while Balzac and Sainte-Beuve fade into the distance.

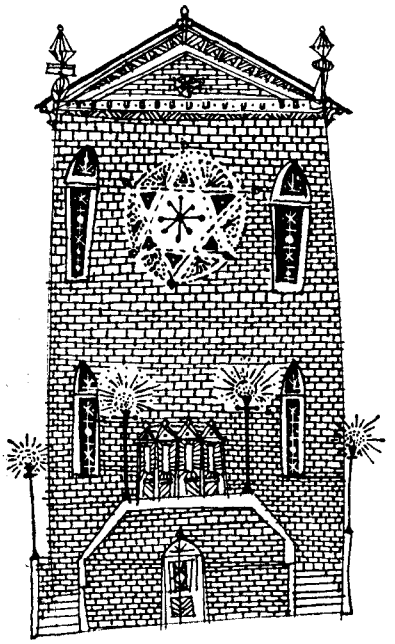
PROUST'S whole approach to criticism naturally adopts a conversational tone with its attendant ramblings, near-repetitions, and quotations from memory. When he first planned this book, he asked a friend whether it would be better to write an orthodox critical essay or to couch his indignation in the form of a long conversation with his mother, to whom he would outline the article he intended to write. And it is highly noteworthy that he chose the latter form, which permitted seven initial chapters having nothing to do either with Sainte-Beuve or with literary criticism. Many years later—in fact, just a year before his death when he knew himself much better—Proust wrote a friend: "I never do articles; it is like opening a wound from which the rest of my blood will flow." Most cleverly, Sylvia Townsend Warner has quoted this statement in the last footnote she has supplied, as if to suggest to us subtly the chief interest of this fascinating transitional work of exploration and discovery called *On Art and Literature*.

Bernard Malamud: The Magic and the Dread

ALFRED KAZIN

THE MAGIC BARREL, by Bernard Malamud. *Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. $3.75.*

The stories of Bernard Malamud are a striking example of the opportunities—and hazards—that are faced these days by "minority" writers who have rejected special pleading in favor of modern art. Writers like Ralph Ellison and James Baldwin are no longer tempted to sing the chain-gang blues once favored by Negro writers in this country; originals like Saul Bellow, Daniel Fuchs, and Bernard Malamud are not likely to retrace the kind of sentimental or aggressive pathos that has afflicted so many recorders of Jewish experience in this country, from Fannie Hurst



to Michael Gold—a style that has found its last haven in the Hollywood of Irwin Shaw and other nostalgic readers of *PM*.

The newer writers (who seem "new" not because they are young but because it has taken them so long to climb out of the depression and war and to discover themselves as individuals) have turned their backs on what James Baldwin has jeeringly called "everybody's protest novel"—Uncle Tom, the Negro or the Jewish Christ dead of American capitalism, the saintly victim. But agile and really gifted as these new writers are, they have been just as unwilling or unable as Jewish and Negro writers always have been to let their experience alone, to describe it as something that may be valued for its own sake. It is here that one sees the peculiar nemesis of writers who feel that they can fit themselves to American life only by trying to give universal meaning to each piece of their experience.

The patron saint of these writers is always Dostoevsky—the supreme example of the novelist whose characters must always search for meaning, who cannot for a moment allow life to exist without scrutinizing intervention. But where Dostoevsky had equal ability to embody the emptiness and sloth of nineteenth-century Russia, these new American writers itch with symbolism. They have been exposed so continually to modern literature and modern art that they find it hard to find their way back to what Herbert Gold has called the lesson of Balzac's "stupidity." Although these writers have produced a peculiarly penetrating kind of fiction, haunting as well as haunted, there is a certain overeagerness in them all to stand and deliver, to be freed of certain painful experiences through the ritualistic catharsis of modern symbolism. The Jewish or Negro writer, far from being mired in his personal pathos as of yore, is now so aware that his experience is "universal" that he tends to escape out of his particular experience itself, to end up in the great American sky of abstractions.

Like Skeletons, Some with Flesh

Of all these new writers, Bernard Malamud seems to me the most unnecessarily tempted by symbolism.

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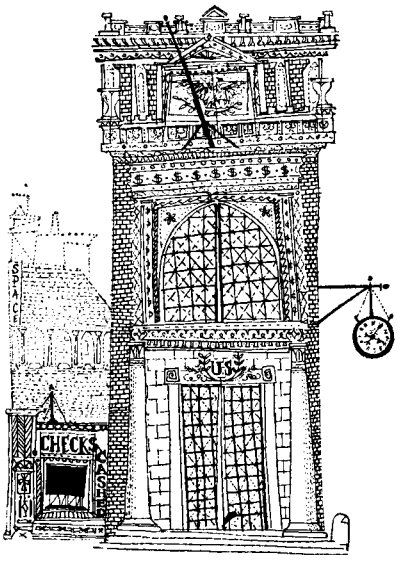
For he is the most compassionate, the most concerned and involved of them all, and whenever I turn back to the best scenes in his fine novel, *The Assistant,* or to the little masterpiece about a rabbinical student in search of a wife who went to a marriage broker (the title story of this collection), I get something of the same deep satisfaction that I do from the great realistic masters of Yiddish literature.

Really on the Edge

Malamud's world has its own haunting archetypes: the desperate and sickly storekeeper, the refugee who turns up in Rome or New York to accuse his fellow Jews of heartlessness, the lonely student with ovoid eyes in staring search of love, the American intellectual abroad who finds it impossible to escape his Jewish past. The scene is always the down-at-heels grocery, the winter street, the irreversible hardness of the modern city. Malamud has caught as one the guttural toughness of big-city speech and the classic bitterness of Jewish dialogue. The remarkable story "Take Pity" contains the typical situation of all his work—a great love condemned to ineffectuality. A man who has committed suicide so that he can leave all his property to a widow who always refused to accept him during his lifetime sits in the other world telling a "census-taker" (his name is Davidov) how the woman's husband died. "Broke in him something. . . ." "Broke what?" "Broke what breaks. He was talking to me how bitter was his life, and he touched me on my sleeve to say something else, but the next minute his face got small and he fell down dead, the wife screaming, the little girls crying that it made in my heart pain. I am myself a sick man and when I saw him laying on the floor, I said to myself, 'Rosen, say goodbye, this guy is finished.' So I said it."

This is the talk of people who are not merely on edge but who really live on the edge. Their tense expressiveness is one of the cultural symbols of the Jews, in art as in religion; just as the great rabbi Hillel could be challenged to give the whole meaning of the Law while standing on one foot, so there is a Doomsday terseness to Jewish speech—as if the book of life were about to close shut with a bang. Malamud has caught this quality with an intimacy of understanding that is utterly remarkable. But in their terseness, his characters fundamentally express despair rather than any spiritual refusal of the great



world. His world is all too much an inner world—one in which the city streets, the houses, the stores seem, along with the people who broodingly stand about like skeletons, some with flesh, always just about to fold up, to disappear into the sky. People talk to each other disbelievingly, as if each felt that the other was about to disappear, as if the world under their feet were itself unreal. People flit in and out of each other's lives like bad dreams.

It is a curious, almost uncanny transformation of the old Jewish mysticism, where earth is so close to heaven—or to hell—that the supernatural and the trivial jostle each other. From the historic standpoint of Jewish theology, of the seemingly incredible Jewish experience itself, everything is entirely real. Life is always strange and God always moves in unpredictable ways. In Malamud's stories everything real becomes unreal; we are under the sign not of theology but of surrealism. Sometimes this is unbearably effective; but when the symbols become too explicit, as in "The Lady of the Lake" or "Angel Levine," Malamud's own tone is undecided between the mysterious and the silly. In "The Mourners," an old man, suffering for the guilt of having deserted his family years back, is about to be evicted; the landlord is driven half mad trying to get the dirty old man out of the tenement. The old man begins mourning for him, the landlord, as dead—he is spiritually dead—and the landlord, staring in unbelief, is engulfed in the sudden upsurge of his own shame and becomes a mourner too. The symbolism here is not only explicit, it is positively allegorical. And indeed, Malamud explains, in his Hawthornesque touches, why Hawthorne and symbolist novelists like Kafka so often read alike.

But Malamud is at his best in those stories which depend not on surprise but on the moment of ungovernable human feeling. In "The Loan," an old friend turns up in a baker's shop to ask for a loan—to pay for a headstone for his wife's grave. The baker's wife, his *second* wife, steadfastly refuses to countenance the loan, and at the end of the story the two friends, each bereft in his own way, "pressed mouths together and parted forever." In the title story, Malamud's usual attempt to escape "realism" is brilliantly, triumphantly justified. It is the marriage broker's own daughter whom the rabbinical student falls in love with, from a photograph, and at the end of the story the ambiguities of life and death are so close that one has the sense of being caught in a dream. Life is never very solid for these Jews, these people "who live on air"; they are always on the verge of saying good-by and departing for the other world.

The Center Will Not Hold

The otherworldly feeling in the great Jewish writers of the past was supported by a conviction that earth and heaven are connected. Malamud captures the strangeness of Jewish experience brilliantly, but he relies on compassion, not on the covenant. He is so concerned with the dread, the flimsiness of the human material in our age, that he has to outwit his own possible sentimentality. This, at least as I see it, is why he so often turns to symbolic endings, goes through his material so quickly. The result is that while this book seems to me masterful and indescribably haunting, it is surprising to note,

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when one closes it, how many of the people fade indistinguishably into each other. What remains in the reader's mind is not a world, *the* world, but the spectral Jew in his beggarly clothes—always ready to take flight.

It is an extraordinary fact that although the great Yiddish writers in Czarist Russia could not call the country their own, they gave the earth of Russia, the old village, a solid reality, as if it were all the world they had left to cherish, like the Jewish graveyard that is lovingly kept up even when the houses decay. Malamud, the closest in wit and depth of feeling to the great Yiddish writers, nevertheless falls into the same abstractness that is the bane of so many new writers in America. Unlike those who are abstract because they have only their cleverness to write from, Malamud is abstract out of despair: despair of the world itself, which can no longer be represented.

In this one sees the curious danger of the American writer who has been influenced by Kafka, Joyce, Eliot, *et al.* Life in America changes so quickly, and people are so quick to change into each other, that the everlasting thinness and abstractness of American writing, which comes from our lack of "society," of a solid core of leaders, manners, tradition, is likely to be intensified by our new writers, who have a society but don't believe in it enough to describe it—to deal with it not merely as it is but as something that *is*. One of the things we now long for in contemporary literature is escape from the tyranny of symbolic "meaning." We want to return to life not as a figure in the carpet but as life in its beautiful and inexpressible materiality—life as the gift that it actually is rather than as the "material" that we try to remake.

Malamud provokes these reflections because he is so gifted. There seems to me no writer of his background who comes so close to the bone of human feeling, who makes one feel so keenly the enigmatic quality of life. The only thing I miss in his work is a feeling for the value of life, for the body of this world—for that which cannot be explained because it is too precious to turn into symbols.

Emily Dickinson: The Shunning of Joy

PERRY MILLER

THE LETTERS OF EMILY DICKINSON, **edited by Thomas H. Johnson; Associate Editor, Theodora Ward. Three Volumes.** ***Harvard University Press. $25.***

With this work, Mr. Johnson finishes the monumental project he first unveiled in 1955 when he published the three-volume *Poems,* along with *An Interpretive Biography*. And in preparing these last three volumes he has again had to hack his way through a thicket of dubious reproductions, misrepresentations, suppressions, and distortions.

With Mr. Johnson's seven volumes before us, we find ourselves at one of those rare moments in American scholarship when we may safely say that at last we have a "definitive" text.

(Otherwise, only Charles R. Anderson's *Sidney Lanier* invites the salutation.) Though bits and pieces of Emily's penmanship may yet turn up, it is unlikely that any major additions will ever be made to this handsome codification. This achievement is all the more striking when we reflect that, despite the torrent of scholarship and commentary which in the last four decades has poured over the great names in American literature, we still have no such inclusive and scientific edition of Cooper, Poe, Melville, Emerson, or Mark Twain.

Puritan Complexities

Mr. Johnson's triumph (and the devotion of the Belknap Press of the Harvard University Press) is further memorable because Emily Dickinson would appear to be the most difficult of American authors ever to be edited completely. Only a few of her poems were published in her lifetime (and those by accident), and consequently the surviving manuscripts present a welter of variant readings. These have been so recklessly maltreated by slovenly handling or even by deliberate falsification that it might have seemed we should have been content with the admittedly unreliable versions long since in print. Enough of her quality, it could be argued, shone through to establish her as an important, even a major, artist of the nineteenth century. I know many fanatical Emily Dickinson cultists who actually resent Mr. Johnson's meticulous tracing of her trials, false starts, hesitancies, because he seems thus to render inconclusive several of the pieces that they have learned to treasure in the hitherto standardized (though often manufactured) forms of the anthologies.

The *Letters* presented Mr. Johnson with a less treacherous terrain than the *Poems*—though in all conscience full of traps. Most of the items have appeared in the collections of Mrs. Bianchi, Mrs. Todd, and Mrs. Bingham. Fortunately, most of the manuscript originals survive. Mr. Johnson's laborious task was simply to assemble the contents of these precedent volumes, to add what few holographs had been omitted, to furnish succinct notes, and to provide biographical sketches of the cast of characters. This he has done, so that now we may confidently read through nine hundred pages of Miss Dickinson's letters written between 1842, when she was twelve, and her death in 1886. For anyone concerned with the nature of genius, of poetry, with the predicament of the artist in America, and especially with the peculiar complexities of our Puritan culture, not only in New England but above all in that concentration of perversity, the

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Connecticut Valley, a consecutive reading of these *Letters* is an enthralling adventure.

It is also an exhausting and continuously exasperating experience. Emily threw herself, unprovoked, upon the critical judgment of the worthy Thomas Wentworth Higginson; he will suffer eternally for his courageous failure to realize that "my partially cracked poetess at Amherst" was one of the first geniuses of his time. But he, noble gentleman that he was, after his first face-to-face conversation with her, manfully recorded, "I am glad not to live near her." To read these letters is to live near her. It is also to appreciate why, in making the disclaimer, Higginson should have compulsively explained to his wife, "Without touching her, she drew from me." He said he was never with anyone who so much drained his nerve power. This creature, who signed herself in writing to Higginson sometimes like a lord of the manor, "Dickinson," and sometimes like a wheedling harlot, "Your Scholar," and at least once (to his bewilderment) "Your Gnome"—and who for a time, when about twenty-one years of age, addressed burbling notes to her girl friends as "Emilie"—is a Puritan imp, who still in these *Letters* drains the nerve power of perceptive readers.

THE WEIRD FACT is that a study of them does put a strain on our powers of perception, for they become debilitating not so much for what they say as for the staggering amount they imply. We can only extrapolate from the truly frenetic tone of her early addresses to her feminine companions—Catherine Turner, Jane Humphrey, Abiah Root (all of whom she dropped from her correspondence when they married)—the temper of the voluminous letters she sent to the two men with whom she was indubitably "in love." None of those to the Reverend Charles Wadsworth survive. A few drafts (she worked them out in advance) to Judge Otis Lord do exist. "Judge Lord was my father's closest friend." In 1882 she tells him, "While others go to a Church, I go to mine, for are not you my Church, and have we not a Hymn that no one knows but us?" We really need no more.

In these three volumes we have all the evidence we require to understand that we confront a being compacted of passion, with her amatory propensities terribly aggravated by a lifelong dedication to a calculated shunning of joy. But even that is too simple: she combined this stratagem with a miser's gloating over the few delicate particles of ecstasy which she could contrive to admit through the planks of abstemiousness with which she slyly surrounded herself. And out of this came the poetry:

May not this be
Old Suitor Heaven,
Like our dismay at thee?

The 'Pure and Terrible' Squire

A hundred aspects of the biography and the civilization are brilliantly illuminated by even the most casual

passages. The Monson family called on May 15, 1853, and agreed with Father that every young man who smokes should take fire: "I respectfully intimated that I thought the result would be a vast conflagration, but was instantly put down." A fair number of these references have by now been elucidated, especially by Mr. Johnson's careful checking on all conceivable ambiguities. Here, for instance, is the complete documentation, or complete enough to tell the epic, about the overcrowding effect upon Emily of that magisterial image, her father, Squire Edward Dickinson, whose heart, as she told Higginson, was "pure and terrible." There are the fascinating yet still baffling records of her fight against becoming converted: "*I* am one of the lingering *bad* ones, and so do *I* slink away, and pause, and ponder, and ponder, and pause, and do work without knowing why."

These two centers of her being—so complex in the midst of this ostensibly simple social ethos—are further entangled throughout the volumes by Emily's voracious graspings at her friends, not only male but most dramatically female, and by tantalizing hints of the swirl among her conflicting emotions excited by the presence of her adored brother's wife, Susan Gilbert:

"Those unions, my dear Susie, by which two lives are one; this sweet and strange adoption wherein we can but look, and are not yet admitted, how it can fill the heart, and make it gang wildly beating, how it will take *us* one day, and make us all its own, and we shall not run away from it, but lie still and be happy!"

The collection offers a hundred such revelations, material enough to bemuse blundering psychologists for several volumes yet to be written. I must say that I find Mr. Johnson's own *Biography* playing down the asperities of the drama, as for example his concern to reduce Emily's efforts to engorge Susan into a mere disposition toward being "possessive about her friendships." Also to be noted is that the reticences observed in old Puritan communities about all disruptive forces kept Emily Dickinson from speaking openly about either her own augmenting difficulties with the family of her brother or about the strains within that household. Mr. Johnson respects these reserves, no doubt correctly; but one can hardly enter into Emily Dickinson's pilgrimage without some sense of the violence of the moods that swooped down upon this squirearchy. The crucial passages are all here, arranged in chronological order: elliptical, full of understatement, and so appearing in all their devastating lack of candor.

HOWEVER INTRIGUING such notations may be, what remains of greatest and most solid interest is the record of the growth of a writer under these fantastically pro-

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vincial circumstances. Family struggles similar to those waged within the Dickinson fortress may be found behind the portals of a myriad mansions of Connecticut Valley respectability. These are all part of the history of American Calvinism. Emily tried in 1874 to congratulate a friend, but wrapped the generous impulse in her conviction that congratulation "like repentance according to Calvin, is too late to be plausible."

Not merely was death an ever-present fact in that society, but in the intervals between funerals it was a subject of daily meditation, inspiring not Stoic resignation but a half-rebellious skepticism: "Footlights cannot improve the grave, only immortality." Out of these many occasions where her intellect turned back upon itself she perfected a highly self-conscious technique; by the end of her life most of her letters are as mannered as though she were indeed behind footlights.

She begins as a sentimental, verbose, conventionally neurotic daughter of a leading citizen in a New England town; bit by bit she becomes—never quite securely, and often reverting to the most lamentable sentimentality—the coiner of magnificent, tough, caustic aphorisms.

In 1853 she reports to her brother the details of crime in Amherst—an arrest for beating, a robbery of the Bonnet Shop—and attitudinizes, "Don't you think your native place shows evident marks of progress?" But by 1881 she can come out with "Jacob versus Esau, was a trifle in Litigation, compared to the Skirmish in my Mind." The next year, "Icebergs italicize the Sea," and the year after that, "The vane defines the wind." In 1885 such a wicked stroke as this: "Peter took the Marine Walk at the great risk."

ULTIMATELY, I am convinced, these elements make the irreducible claim that Mr. Johnson's edition must be considered not merely as a footnote to the life history of an American writer but as itself an addition to our literature. For us, the really substantial reward of perusing the account is our chance to behold the evolution of a style.

Mr. Gunther's Russia

CHARLES W. THAYER

INSIDE RUSSIA TODAY, By John Gunther. *Harper. $5.95.*

The most amazing feature of Gunther's "Insides" is the courage of their author. In his latest, *Inside Russia Today*, he has not only undertaken in less than three hundred thousand words to record all the essential—and many trivial—facts about the Soviet Union but has attempted also to interpret this huge mass of material.

The book is a composite of two elements: what Gunther saw and heard and the impressions and conclusions he has drawn from his observations. He states that his main purpose is to give a *picture* of what the Soviet Union is like. In this respect his latest effort fully justifies the publisher's praise of him as "one of the world's great reporters."

Describing his more than twelve-thousand-mile tour, during which he interviewed dozens of scholars, administrators, and farm chairmen and inspected numerous universities, museums, and even an insane asylum, he paints a picture that not only looks like the original but smells and even feels like it.

That Girl's Steel Teeth

In his effort to record everything that he has seen, heard, and read about Russia, Gunther has accumulated a prodigious quantity of fact, statistic, opinion, and rumor that he has strung together most entertainingly. Relying heavily on quotations from their own articles and speeches, he has judged the Soviet leaders largely out of their own mouths. (He did not waste any of his six short weeks waiting for a private interview with any of the top leaders.)

One must marvel at the enterprise of the author hurrying home to his hotel from every sight-seeing trip, interview, cocktail party, or bull session with fellow reporters to jot down everything anyone said in his presence. One regrets, however, the indiscriminate fashion with which he recounts this material. There are a few factual errors, of course, but these are usually unimportant. More important is his lack of a sense of proportion in devoting as much space, for example, to an entertaining description of a girl's steel teeth as he does to the Soviet bureaucracy—probably the most influential negative factor in Russia's current development.

It is also regrettable that Gunther accepts so often what some charming Intourist guide or white-haired university rector has told him. For example, he attaches great importance to the Soviet allegation that education in the Soviet Union is "scot-free" and that for a student to go to university creates "no economic problem for him or his parents." If Gunther had had time to delve a little further, he would have been told by officials that the majority of university students rely heavily on their families' allowances to supplement wholly inadequate stipends. In fact their state stipends are probably not much greater than the aid that many American college students receive through scholarships and endowments. One fanatical Communist schoolmistress even admitted that children are sometimes withdrawn from grade school before completion of their studies because their families cannot dispense with the income the child could earn.

Gunther is equally uncritical about other Soviet official claims. He accepts and passes on the Soviet statement that thirty per cent of the Soviet Union is closed to tourists. The hastiest examination of the most recent literature shows that Intourist offers foreigners visits to only twenty-one Soviet cities.

OCCASIONALLY Gunther has apparently misunderstood what he has picked up. In an all too brief discussion of industrial reorganization—one of the most important developments since Stalin's death—Gunther suggests, correctly I think, that the decentralization may in fact have been a recentralization. Many economists have suggested

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"We Are Facing A Danger Unlike Any Danger That Has Ever Existed..."

We are facing a danger unlike any danger that has ever existed. In our possession and in the possession of the Russians are more than enough nuclear explosives to put an end to the life of man on earth.

Meanwhile, our approach to the danger is unequal to the danger.

We have been living half a life. We have been developing our appetites, but we have been starving our purposes. We have been concerned with bigger incomes, bigger television screens and bigger cars—but not with the big ideas on which our lives and freedoms depend.

What the world expects of America is not just bigger and better intercontinental missiles and hydrogen bombs. The world is looking to us for the ideas that can make this planet safe and fit for human habitation.

Indeed, the test of a nation's right to survive today is measured not by the size of its bombs or the range of its missiles, but by the size and range of its concern for the human community as a whole.

There can be no true security for America unless we can exert leadership in these terms, unless we become advocates of a grand design that is directed to the large cause of human destiny.

There can be no true security for America unless we can establish and keep vital connections with the world's people, unless there is some moral grandeur to our purposes, unless what we do is directed to the cause of human life and the free man.

There is much that America has said to the world. But the world is still waiting for us to say and do the things that will in deed and in truth represent our greatest strength.

What are these things?

FIRST, As It Concerns The Peace, America Can Say:

That we are prepared to support the concept of a United Nations authorized and empowered under law to prevent aggression, to enforce disarmament and to settle disputes among nations according to principles of justice.

Next, As It Concerns Nuclear Weapons, America Can Say:

That the earth is too small for intercontinental ballistic missiles and nuclear bombs and that the first order of business for the world is to bring both under control;

That the development of satellites or rocket stations and the exploration of outer space must be carried on in the interests of the entire human community through a pooling of world science.

As It Concerns Nuclear Testing, America Can Say:

That because of the grave unanswered questions with respect to nuclear test explosions—especially as it concerns the contamination of air and water and food and the injury to man himself—we are calling upon all nations to suspend such explosions at once;

That while the abolition of testing will not by itself solve the problem of peace or the problem of armaments, it enables the world to eliminate immediately at least one real and specific danger. Also, that the abolition of testing gives us a place to begin on the larger question of armaments control, for the problems in monitoring such tests are relatively uncomplicated.

As It Concerns Our Connections To The Rest Of Mankind, America Can Say:

That none of the differences separating the governments of the world are as important as the membership of all peoples in the human family;

That the big challenge of the age is to develop the concept of a higher loyalty—loyalty by man to the human community;

That the greatest era of human history on earth is within reach of all mankind, that there is no area that cannot be made fertile or habitable, no disease that cannot be fought, no scarcity that cannot be conquered;

That all that is required for this is to re-direct our energies, re-discover our moral strength, re-define our purposes.

Signed:

Cleveland Amory
Michael Amrine
Adelaide N. Baker
Roger N. Baldwin
Dr. John C. Bennett
Dr. Harrison Brown
Norman Cousins*
Rev. Henry Hitt Crane
John Despol
Dr. Paul Doty
Clark Eichelberger*
Harold Fey
Rev. George B. Ford
Rev. Harry E. Fosdick
Dr. Erich Fromm
Robert Gilmore*
Clinton Golden
Patrick Gorman
Oscar Hammerstein II
Rev. Donald Harrington*
Leland Hazard
Dorothy I. Height
John Hersey
Gen. Hugh B. Hester
Dr. Homer Jack*
James Jones
Gene Kelly
Dr. Martin Luther King
Rabbi Edward E. Klein
Dr. Ralph E. Lapp
Murray D. Lincoln
Dr. Stanley Livingston
Clarence E. Low*
Thomas G. MacGowan
Arnold H. Maremont
Lenore G. Marshall*
Lawrence S. Mayers, Jr.*
Rev. Robert J. McCracken
Lewis Mumford
Robert R. Nathan
Dr. William F. Neuman
James G. Patton
Clarence Pickett*
Josephine Pomerance*
Dr. Charles C. Price*
John Raitt
Eleanor Roosevelt
Elmo Roper
James T. Shotwell
Dr. Pitirim A. Sorokin
Edward J. Sparling*
Norman Thomas*
Dean Howard Thurman
Dr. Paul J. Tillich
Jerry Voorhis
James P. Warburg*
Bishop Hazen G. Werner
Dr. Hugh Wolfe*

(The signers of this statement do so as individuals and not as representatives of organizations or of the NCFSNP. Asterisk indicates members of the National Executive Committee.)

What You Can Do About It

1. What you say and do make public opinion. Let the people who serve you in public office hear from you, especially the President and your Congressmen.
2. Talk to your friends and neighbors about the points in this message. Send a copy with a personal note to your newspaper editor, or news commentator.
3. Work with existing committees in your town, or form one if none exists.
4. Help place this statement and others like it in newspapers and magazines throughout the country. Use the coupon on the right.

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____Send me more information about your program.

____Send me____copies of this statement. I will give them to friends.

Name:_____

Address:_____

City_____R

NATIONAL COMMITTEE FOR A SANE NUCLEAR POLICY
202 East 44th Street
New York 17, New York

Co-chairmen: Norman Cousins, Clarence Pickett

This space contributed by New York Westside Committee For A Sane Nuclear Policy.

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this, pointing to the increased role of the party in the new economic setup. However, Gunther explains that the new center will be not the party but the State Planning Commission, which in fact was shorn of most of its executive power and personnel. There are also occasional flat assertions which, if true, would be of the greatest interest. "Mass purges," he says, "are a thing of the past." If so, most Russians would be overjoyed to know it. There has been "no reversion to dictator worship or 'the cult of personality.'" The current adulation of Khrushchev is probably greater than what Stalin had won after the first three years of his rule.

PERHAPS these lapses are not of great significance, yet one cannot dismiss Mr. Gunther's conclusions as lightly.

Though Gunther admits that expert opinion is highly contradictory on the vital question of the loyalty of the population to the régime, this does not deter him from tackling the issue with self-assurance. What impressed him most, apart from the absence of change, he says, was that "conformity . . . rises spontaneously from below. . . . Many citizens believe passionately in what the Government stands for . . . They are not merely 'deluded' by indoctrination and propaganda; they are indissolubly part of the system themselves . . ." Further on, however, one reads that "Ideological fervor like loyalty to the party itself . . . is running out."

Finally, Mr. Gunther has some words of advice about the future. Pointing out the inevitability of having to coexist, he says: "The best hope for the future is in the realm of cultural and intellectual exchange. . . . Show the people of the Soviet Union what a supermarket is, let them see clover-leaf highways and housing projects and new machines better than theirs; open their windows, open their eyes and minds."

One can only compliment Mr. Gunther on the breadth and brilliance of the picture he paints. That he has not succeeded in the impossible task of telling and explaining all about the Soviet Union in one brief volume is entirely understandable.

From One Island to Another

MAYA PINES

80 PUERTO RICAN FAMILIES IN NEW YORK CITY, by Beatrice Bishop Berle, M.D. *Columbia University Press. $4.75.*

Puerto Ricans make up only seven per cent of New York City's population but require twenty per cent of the city's relief and a high proportion of its other welfare services.

To study how social factors affect the health of Puerto Ricans in New York, Dr. Berle opened a small office on the ground floor of a tenement building. With the help of three other physicians, she treated and kept health records for eighty representative families for three years. At the same time, a team of social anthropologists headed by a Puerto Rican was working out norms of behavior for fathers, mothers, and children in this same society, pointing out those things in their new environment that might prove particularly disturbing for them. Both groups of professionals became familiar figures in the neighborhood—Dr. Berle, who speaks Spanish, was known as *La Doctora,* while some of the anthropologists were accepted as *de la familia.* Their conclusions throw light on the whole question of families faced with a great number of problems, and on community health in general.

The Dream and the World

For thousands of Puerto Ricans, leaving their homes and coming to New York is *el sueño*—the dream. They want to "progress," to find steady jobs and build more promising futures for their children. What greets them here, however, instead of the warm, intimate village life they are accustomed to, is big-city impersonality and fragmentation. If they have accidents or fall ill—and twenty per cent of the migrants must be hospitalized at some time during their first year—they are sent to a bewildering array of specialized clinics in which they spend days taking tests given by doctors and nurses who know nothing of their background. Many such clinic "work-ups" are never completed; the patients get too discouraged, or show up at the wrong time. Families are often scattered among various hospitals and clinics, all of which are unaware of the family's previous history and total problem. "Each new doctor, each additional test, confirms the man or woman in his conviction that he is sick and that he is not being helped," writes Dr. Berle. It becomes a vicious cycle, for time spent at a clinic is time away from work, wages lost.

Forty-two per cent of the Puerto Ricans in New York are under fourteen. Under this kind of pressure, truancy may develop among even those children who are physically healthy and new ills may appear among the worried parents. "The children are all feeding problems," Dr. Berle says of one such family, "and the family seen together on the street present a picture of dejection and misery. They appear to represent those who fell to the ground on reaching for the first rung of the ladder and know that they cannot climb again."

According to Dr. Berle, far more medical problems turn up among families that do not "progress" after migration in the way they had hoped than among families that are confident they are on their way. Such progress must not be judged by the actual facts but by the individuals' interpretation of the facts. Moving a family to a housing project where it can have a better and larger apartment does not guarantee that its health will improve; sometimes destroying a set of human associations that gave the family emotional support may create even more serious problems.

Similarly, one Puerto Rican woman with four illegitimate children may take things in stride, despite backbreaking work, overcrowding, minor ills, and desertion by her children's three fathers, while another Puerto Rican woman in the same situation will require constant public assistance and medical care for herself and for her children. This

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difference can be partly explained by the two women's attitude: the first one, a recent migrant, expected to follow her own mother's matriarchal pattern and assumed responsibility for her children as a matter of course, while the second one, reared in New York, tried and failed to live up to American standards.

The 'Extended Family' System

Those who find it hardest to "progress" in New York are usually those whose skin is darkest. Families whose children have a wide range of skin color sometimes come to consider the darker ones as Negroes and therefore less favored. In pointing out that physicians should be aware of this problem as a source of stress for some patients, Dr. Berle reports that among one group of twenty teen-age drug addicts, all but one was the darkest member of his family.

If the physician does not know the whole Puerto Rican family and its social setting, medicine can become highly frustrating on both sides. Tracking down carriers of tuberculosis, for instance, is almost impossible; a whole family may co-operate in hiding the patient because it fears separation and hospitalization even more than infection.

Home care wherever feasible is the best answer, Dr. Berle believes, since the "extended family" system that the Puerto Ricans preserve here is ideally suited to care of the ill and the aged. Such knowledge is necessary, too, in coping with *ataques,* a kind of fit with which lower-class Puerto Ricans often react to overwhelming catastrophe (one doctor thought it was caused by a brain tumor). It is also essential to communication on such matters as diet or birth control.

But Dr. Berle emphasizes that physical illness among these people is just one aspect of a much broader problem. Once a family is in trouble, it will cost the community a great deal, no matter which community resource happens to be used.

DR. BERLE proposes that special centers be established in Puerto Rican neighborhoods, near a hospital, to study and treat the family as a whole. These family-service centers would offer continuous and per-

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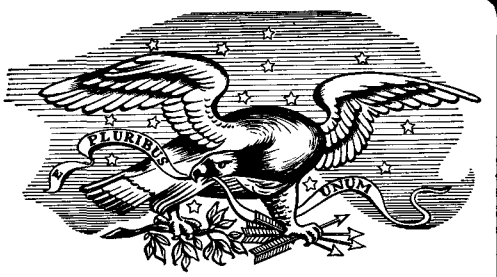

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sonal support from a medical team—obstetrician, pediatrician, and family physician—who could make home calls and keep track of hospital treatment whenever this proved to be necessary.

Dr. Berle, who is a physician, sees medicine as playing the central role. But she points out that wherever a dedicated person who can mobilize social or economic resources—whether from a school, a settlement house, or a church—establishes a lasting human relationship with people in trouble, things begin to happen. The best therapy, she implies, is to provide at least some evidence to such families that they matter as human beings, and some hope that eventually they will "progress." «»

Operation Strawberry

AL NEWMAN

THE MOUNTAIN ROAD, by Theodore H. White. *Sloane. $3.95.*

In November, 1944, defeat and ultimate surrender faced the Axis forces on every battlefront but the mainland of China. There the Japanese Army, having begun Operation ICHIGO (Strawberry) in June with the objectives of cutting Nationalist China off from the whole coast and seizing the numerous U.S. B-29 bases on the flatlands of the southeast, turned Chiang's divisions into a beaten rabble and drove out our bombers. It was a campaign that those of us in other theaters heard little about, for who thinks of disaster thousands of miles away when victory hangs in the smoke-streaked air of local battlefields?

Nevertheless, the Japanese campaign posed a major threat. In early November their advance guard stood at Liuchow in Kwangsi, terminus of the only motor road leading westward through the mountain belt to Kweiyang, 260 miles away. The capture of Kweiyang by the Japanese would have meant the effective interdiction of ground communications between the great American base at Kunming, the northern end of supply lines from Burma and India, and Chiang's capital of Chungking. In the event, the Japanese advanced up the mountain road, but they didn't make it all the way to Kweiyang.

Of course nobody knew at the time they wouldn't. One of those who observed ICHIGO and sweated it out was Mr. White, at that time one of Henry Luce's more talented operatives. From the experiences of the numerous U.S. Air Corps demolition teams who burned and blew up the valued bases and communications ahead of the Japanese advance he has drawn this novel, his first, and a moral conclusion or two, by no means his first. (Mr. White will be remembered as the co-author of *Thunder Out of China* and author

of a report on postwar Europe entitled *Fire in the Ashes.* Both were Book-of-the-Month Club selections; now this novel makes it an incredible three in a row without a miss.)

FOR THE PURPOSES of unifying his story—and the screen thriller that unquestionably will be made of it—Mr. White has lumped many demolition teams into one, a mere handful of men, narrowed the scene to the Liuchow-Kweiyang road, and telescoped a time span of nearly a month into about a week. The effect is highly concentrated action—but not against the Japanese. It is instead a fight against time; against the frantic masses of refugees clawing their way westward along the road that must be blocked; against western conscience that demands clearing these fugitives from sections of the road about to be blown up; against corrupt or cowardly or merely indecisive Chinese commanders; against, as the author puts it, "... all of China . . . with its delicate tentacles, its courtesies, its hidden impulses, its pockets of delay. . . ."

"It may be," Mr. White is quoted on the jacket as remarking, "that in fiction you can get closer to the truth than you ever can in journalism." But what truths, in this novel, is he trying to bring out? His characters are divided sharply into those who like and sympathize with China and others who want no part of the land or its people. In the outcome, the former fare the worse. One is killed by his own act of kindness, a second is driven to brutality that he later despises, and the others emerge pretty battered and disillusioned. Is the author saying that China will always turn on those who like her or try to help her?

IT IS PERHAPS more likely that Mr. White's main themes are his more obvious ones—the use and misuse of power, and the idea that people rub off on each other like molecules of metal: "Press a block of pure gold against a block of steel, one against the other—then when you separate them they seem unchanged. But not really. A good physical chemist will show you that where they've been in contact, invisible flecks of gold molecules have wandered across the barrier of structure, and buried themselves in the molecular structure of the steel. And the molecules of steel, somehow, into the structure of the gold. . . ." Let Mr. White be warned that once Hollywood gets to work on his excellent yarn, considerably more than molecules of his American hero and Chinese heroine will rub off on each other.

In any case, reflections such as the above take up nearly the whole last chapter. While they are skillfully done, it does seem that a novel about a demolition team might end with a bit more of a bang.

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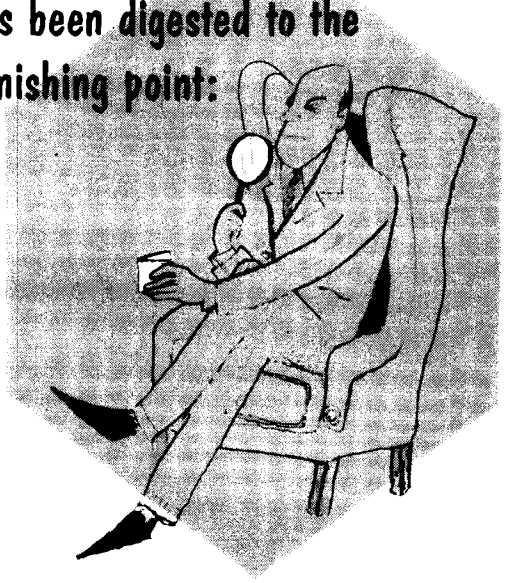

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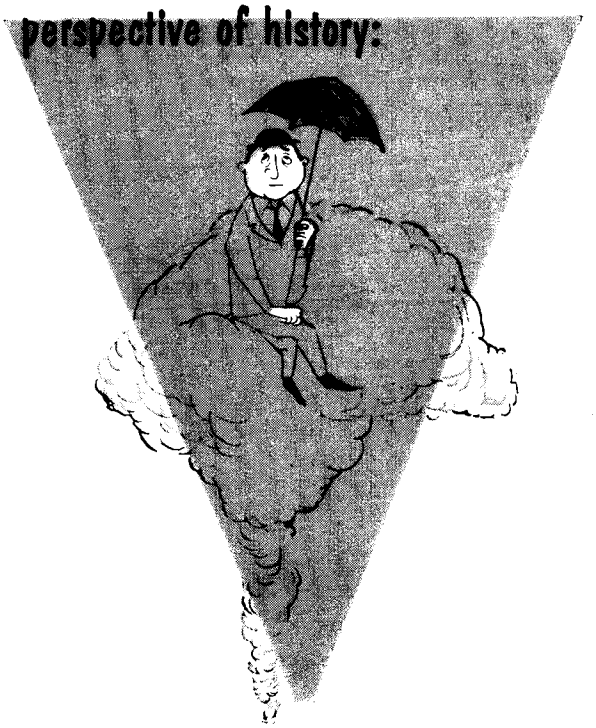

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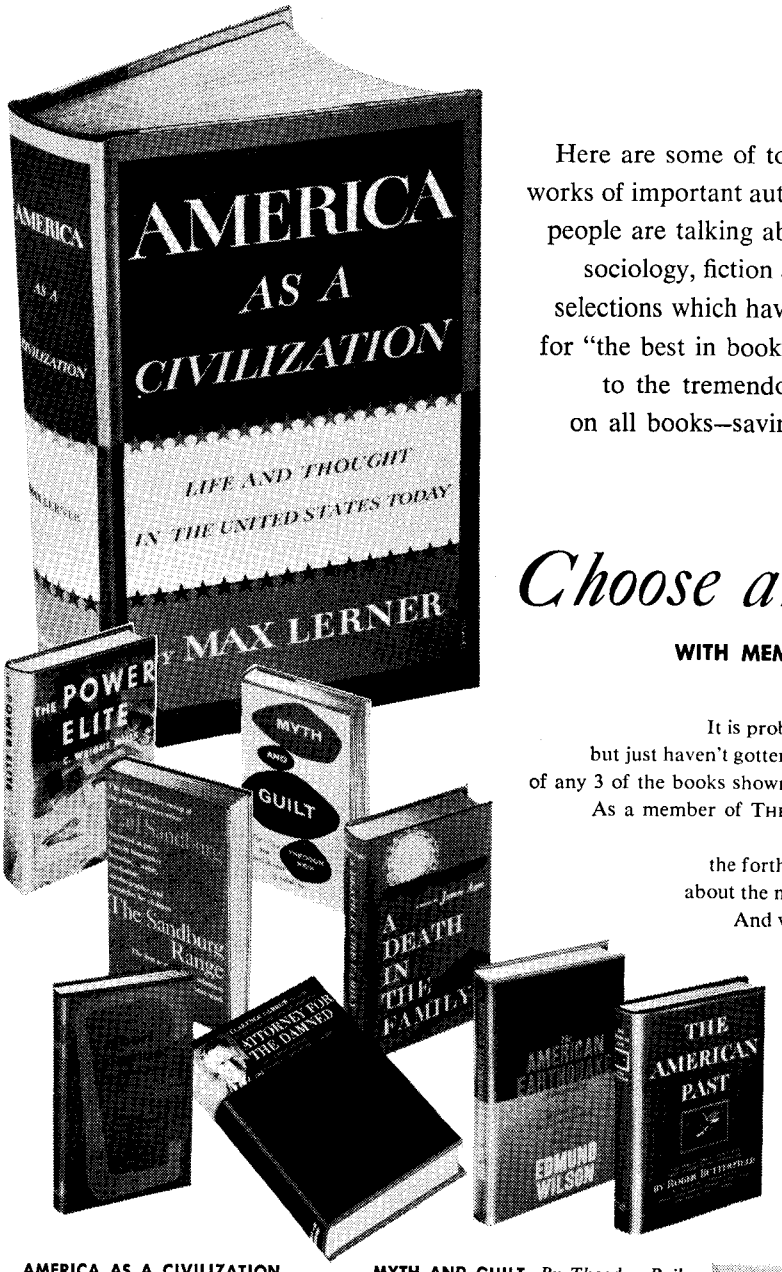

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